December 19, 1995

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L and MRS. COOMBS Sun., Dec. 15.

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now heing held twice Hotel Welcome, Va. 8 Major Curr Cas. Threeir hearts to God la ht asked for prayer. has also been start. 412 meals were served.

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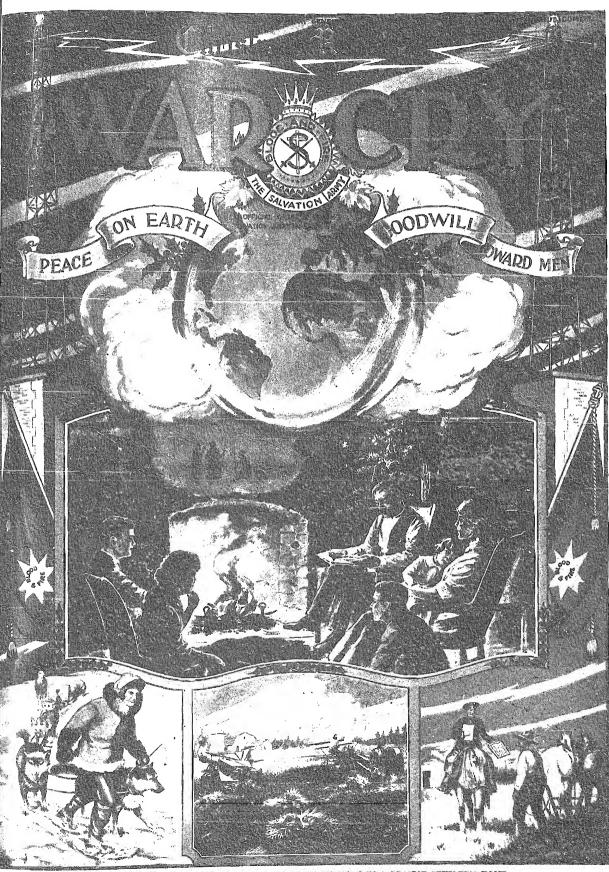
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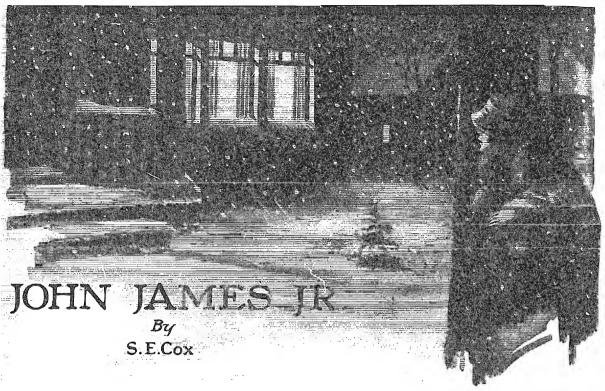
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gster-Leader Payne of iaw Songster Brigadi full force and united Brigade for one item ed one individual item. Manuel and assisted the rendering the "Well-An impressive modajors John and Hecood on the platform over them and same Major and Mrs. Habgratefully of the kindseen showed them, and the Comrades to stick the Army. The Meettriumphant note with an old congregational



THE CHRISTMAS STORY BY THE LIGHT OF A WESTERN FIRESUPE IN A PRAIRIE SETTLER'S HOME



THE SNOW was falling in thick, soft flakes—falling steadily from an inky sky. The gaunt, bare outlines of the giant maples that bordered Prospect Avenue were edged in white. The coment sidewelk on the north side of Main Street—the one-time pride of Williamsport—was covered with a four-inch carpet of snow, heavy with moisture, and marked by foot-tracks from the Eureka Drug Store to the Postoffice. The globes on the light standards on Main Street were covered with the softly falling flakes, and the light generated from the Williamsport Power and Light Co. plant, the instollation of which had been the occasion of a public holiday in that city, struggled vainly to pierce the gloom. A few belated purchasers of Christmas Eve supplies were abroad, and the stores were still open to accommodate them.

At the east end of Moin Street, a store window gleamed with light, emphasizing the heavy red and blue lettering which told the inhabitants of Williamsport that this was the home of the Salvation Army. Inside the holl several led and blue clad figures were examining the valves of sundry battered band instruments, and tightening the cords of the days of the early nineties, followed the time-honored custom of Christmas Eve serenading

From the window of a substantially built home on Prospect Avenue gleamed

the time-honored custom of Christman Eve serenading

From the window of a substantially built home on Prospect Avenue gleamed the light of blazing logs, and the solitary figure in front of the open fireplace was thrown into relief by the occasional glare. The light seemed ro attract and hold the attention of the shrinking figure of the woman with the heavy bundle in her arms—the only moving object on Prospect Avenue. Several times she passed the window—clinging to the shadow of the maples when a flicker of light touched her features. Several times she approached the door—then hestitated and drew back into the gloom. At length, with a choking sob, she stunbled up the sleps to the front door—deposited the steps to the front door—deposited the funning as if the furies were behind her, disappeared into the night. The conductor on the East Bound noticed the teor-stained face of a woman, her garments wet with snow, who boarded his train at Williamsport, and shook his e

the bend as the alighted at Alexis, the nearest year by the town to Williamsport. The police of the process of the control of the process of the control of the process of the process of the company, the control of the process of th

select—"it you will send an officer, I will stand by him." The Officer was sent—y the Methodist church missed the red guernseyed figure of John James Thomas, and guernseyed figure of John James Thomas, a who had attended the services so faithfully but insisted upon wearing his uniform—a corps was started: the Captoin of and Sergt. Major Thomas were the carpet of the tight of the town, and the Sergt.

Major was happy.

But one Christmas Eve, his wife Jennic, his only love, his greatest joy, his inspiration, had slipped quietly awoy in into the land of the Shodows, leaving John James Thomas alone—grief-stricken——childless. He presently lifted his head and faced life as Cod seemed to have avenue was strangely silent and memory, laden for this lonely man. As each succeeding Christmas Eve had rolled around, ceeding Christmas Eve had rolled around, the blasing log fire, and his eyes on the sphotograph of a woman with kindly gray eyes, hanging over the mantle. John

"You ain't saying to keep him, are you. (Continued on page 22)

December 26, 1925



"For ah! the lifes smile so:
That they who Can never r
And they who At God's right Forgetful stand Desiring fair

UNDREDS of

year from the live and labor The increase of ec growing facilities fo aided us in breaki prejudices which a the home country, standing, a great sa less of the matter in one thing, it has be with us. But it is so of the good hand of many of our dear page 19. well as the older an willing to go forth without scrip or p kind, in search of the while:

To me remain My country I can be call On any shore

This interchange and noblest among union, not merely of all the peoples. The Army has becin it has a new wo Every one in its ramonger, the milkma gets new thoughts
Kingdom of God, o
ence, of comrades
Armies of Jesus.
hears about the deside by side with or cutions others are sake, and finds new realms of sympath From nation to beloved everywher of one great family and will yet grow national prejudices of Salvationists, and evangels of the tru is not this a promit the one Shepherd? righteousness and dawn of a coming worth all the sufferi separations involve True to the gre

which is the streng Army goes amon



gazing as if hypnotized,

a gazing as it hypnotized, anger, cky!' he muttered, sanger, cky!' he muttered slang, the phrase—"by cracke—"by cracke—"by cracket musual excitement, you come from, young felter you, anyway!" he in him.

baby's answering gurgle in him.

baily and the sanger is a supplied to the property of the propert

my garments.

will throw some light on
the said, as with one hand
the note. "What's

my baby. He was born ame is John James!" cracky! The Sergeant-mation increased. "So when James eh-you and he But what's your other at can I do with you? mmy must a thought a you, as he examined the hid noticed the white silk ed on each. "John James, i. "Now that's curious—e a mighty fine kid to me much about that subject, now more about mules—es a thoroughbred to me up bedigree. Only thing with you is to hand you ue of Mercy. Eh! What's eant-Major turned rapid-child tighter as he did so declared I heard some like a voice to me." He me separating the words—child is born—unto us a habit of years asserted

habit of years asserted eyes sought the picture to with him, Jennie?" he mighty nice looking boy. John James, What shall

oser to the picture. Did smile back into his own. things"—yet a second med the first impression. ing to keep him, are you. tued on page 22)

Marinal American

December 26, 1925

"For ah! the Master is so fair, His smile so sweet to banished men. That they who meet it unaware Can never rest on earth again I hat they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.
And they who see Him risen afar
At God's right hand to welcome th
Forgetful stand of home and land.
Desiring fair Jerusalem."

UNDREDS of our Officers go every year from the lands of their birth to live and labor and die among strangers. The increase of education and the ever-growing facilities for travel have no doubt growing facilities for travel have no doubt aided us in breaking down some of the prejudices which are felt against leaving the home country, but it is often, notwith-standing, a great sacrifice. We have made less of the matter in recent years because, for sess of the matter in recent years occause, for one thing, it has become so usual a thing with us. But it is still a very beautiful sign of the good hand of our God upon us that so many of our dear people, young Officers as well as the older and more experienced, are willing to go forth to any part of the earth without scrip or purse or promise of any kind, in search of precious souls, singing the while:

To me remains nor place nor time; My country is in every clime. I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.

This interchange of much that is best and noblest among us works towards the union, not merely of our own forces, but of all the peoples. See what a brotherhood The Army has become! Every little child in it has a new world of love set before it. in it has a new world of love set before it.

Every one in its ranks, down to the costermonger, the milkmaid and the washerwoman,
gets new thoughts of the world, of the
Kingdom of God, of the beauty of benevolence, of comrades in other lands, of the
Armies of Jesus. Every common soldier
hears about the duty of fighting for right
side by side with others, hears of the persecutions others are enduring for Christ's
sake, and finds new worlds of interest, new
realms of sympathy, new depths of love.
From nation to nation our leaders go,
beloved everywhere. Gradually the idea
of one great family grows, and ever grows,
and will yet grow. Racial enmities and
national prejudices die down in the breasts
of Salvationists, and in them we see instead
evangels of the true brotherhood of man.
Is not this a promise of the one fold, under
the one Shepherd? Is it not a power for
righteousness and peace? Is it not the
dawn of a coming Day of Love? Is it no
worth all the suffering and heart-break of the
separations involved?

True to the great principle of sympathy
which is the exercit of all our work, the Every one in its ranks, down to the coster-

True to the great principle of sympathy which is the strength of all our work, the Army goes among what are, curiously

enough, called the Native Races as among brothers. Our Cacers live with them, dress in a somewhat similar manner, cat their food, and in every way possible avoid alike the assumption of superiority and the attempt to impose upon them customs which are in no way necessary to their salvation, but which are calculated to raise great prejudice against the truth. This involves some considerable sacrifices of personal comfort and convenience, especially to European peans, but it has been abundantly justified

peans, but it has been abundantly justified by the results.

As to the devotion and the thoroughness of many of our Officers who are working in heathen fields it is scarcely necessary to speak. Their praise has gone out unto all the earth. Even those who most condemn their rule of life are compelled to acknowl-edge their unflinching self-sacrifice for Christ's sake.

After spending some time among them in India as one of them, a lady friend of the Army wrote:

l am perfectly amazed at the strength given to endure that these Officers have. A fine girl from Dundee lives with her native girl-lieutenant in this village. She loves her people and her work, and the people almost worship her. Yet that beautiful affection has been got and retained by the

M——'s sister is head of it—a lovely woman . . . All my meals I eat on the floor. I wear no shoes. The mud floor is comfortable. Mats are about. Native clothes are a mercy in India! I never could have made that night-and-day railway journey, slept on a railway platform on camp bed and travelled by bullock-bandy for twenty-two hours without great distress, in European clothes. But I did not suffer as I was. Writing from another district, commenting on the wonderful entree obtained for the Gospel, our friend says:

Gospel, our friend says:

I watched a Salvation Army Officer wash his clothes in a river where sometimes tigers come to drink. It was moonlight, and I could easily see how the practised hand brought the cloth heavily down at a particular angle on the stone, so that the work was rapidly and effectually done. It struck me that I had never seen or heard of a settled that I had never seen or heard of a settled European missionary in India washing his single change of raiment before. Why need such an elementary style of life be adopted? Then I had a new view of the elastic and wonderful devotion of the Army. In particular districts its Officers wash in rivers or tanks, be they clean or foul, that they may the more effectually become one with the poor people who have so washed their clothes from time immemorial! The simple



GENERAL

"Their request was soon ide and the Major's heart was touched

most severe sacrifices of personal comfort on her part. There are far, far further reaches all the way to Calvary than one could even dream of, yet these brave, devoted souls have risen to the case. No wonder God has blessed them so!

This house is a large native bungalow.

cloth and jacket and turban are hung up to dry and put on again without any ironing. And what of the spirit in which this goes on? Well, of course, it is only possible at all in one spirit—the spirit of Jesus. Listen to this witness:

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

Compare this sort of evangelizing with hammering away weekly at Gospei-hardened hammering away weekly at Gosper-naruement people who have as much made up their minds to reject Christ as did Chorazin at Bethsaidal Truly they who have seen this "can never rest on earth again." The old can never rest on earth again." The old life loses its grasp on one. All worldly considerations that would keep one at home seem contemptible, though dignified by the precedent of centuries. If you talk about the hardships of his or her lot to a Salvation Army Officer, you may hear things that may really appall you for the time, but just when you begin to think that they are bearing more than flesh and blood can, the Salvation ist will turn a beaming smile on you, and with happiness in the voice tell you that the joys far overbalance the distress, and before you are aware you are being charmed out of your blues by a joyful chorus or hymn

Gains Outweigh Losses

But that is not all. It is not only that "the joys far overbalance the distresses," but the gains far outweigh the losses. The harvests are abundantly more than the sow ing, though in some cases the sowing costs us dear. It may be said that all our Officers us dear. It may be said that all our Officers in India have "hazarded their lives for Jesus Christ," and it is equally true that some have laid them down for His sake and the Gospel's. Their works do follow them, and once more the Scripture is fulfilled before our eyes, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Here is an illustration of what I mean:

The tender green of the rice fields had. deepened into brown, harvest was past and the time of the rains at hand, when sorrow sickness came into an Indian village in which as yet there was no representative of Jesus Christ.

"The cholera had come. Medicine they had none; advice, only that which the in-cantations of the priest or the wild shrieks of the devil-dancers could afford, and sorrow and dismay soon became a panic, which took possession of the plague-stricken ham-let. In a few days the dismay became despair. The dead lay unburied, the sick and dying uncared for, the sun glared piti-lessly down on what would rapidly become a charnel house.

A Council of Headmen

At last the headmen of the village held a To whom could they turn council together. for help?

After a number of suggestions had been After a number of suggestions had been made, at last one of the men exclaimed, "My brothers, let us go to the Muktifauj, of whom we have heard. It is said that they are not afraid of cholera; yet they are one with us, and they will come and help us." So all that remained to be decided was who should form the deputation.

The next day a group of villagers, weary, despairing and spiritless, presented themselves before the white leader of the Salvationists for that district. Their request was nonists for that district. I helr request was soon made, and the Major's heart was touched, though, alas, it was heavy both from dark sorrow in his own little home and because he was now refusing help to the

The Right of Old

O, night of nights! when things came That in the town of little tenne.

A king was born whose Holp Anne House in the world around.

O, wondrous night! (with netween the world around.

The world was night in the world around.

The world was night in the world around.

The world was the world around.

The world was the world

RANGE PARK THE THE PARK TO THE THE TAX THE TAX

helpless around him. "Wait," he said, one day, and I will see what I can do for

THE WAR CRY

"Among those who stood by while the Among those who stood by while the villagers made their appeal were two Officers, Tamils by birth, who could have remained at their well-paid posts in office work, but the love of souls constrained them and they begged for a life for and with the people,

"May we not go back to the village with these men, Major?" pleaded the Capwith these men, Major?" pleaded the Captain earnestly, as soon as the deputation had retired. "Oh, give us this glorious

"But do you know anything of sickness?" asked the Major, doubtfully. "Have you any idea what a cholera-stricken village is like? What about the risk to yourselves; have you considered it?"

and the second s

The Great Broadcast Message

To the ends of the earth has the Message

passed,
From the mighty Heart of God broadcast:
By His faithful Messengers then relayed
To peoples of every land and grade,
The world encircling with tidings grand,
That all may the Message understand.

And the theme of the Message-the Saviour's Love, The Power of the Mighty God above. For every nation, every clime, For all men's needs, the Great Gift sublime

Of a saving power and redeeming grace For a sinning world and a fallen race.

On the swift waves of love has that

Message flown:
No nobler work have God's people known
Than to speed the tidings to lives enslaved

By superstition, by sin depraved. And many have tuned their hearts to hear, Been freed from sin, delivered from fear.

But many, oh! many, have not yet heard, Or refused to accept the precious Word. So speed the Message, swift let it flu. That some may receive as it passes by.

And shall the Message hear at last,
From the mighty heart of God broadcast!

'Yes, yes, Major," interposed the Captain's wife, her dark eyes flashing with eagerness, "my husband knows something of medicine. God will go with us."

na manda na mangang panggang panggang panggang panggang panggang panggang panggang panggang panggang panggang

And a few hours later, with the yellow es of the Army Officers fluttering in robes of their train, the villagers were making their way home across the rice fields.

The Captain showed himself so strong and wise and calm that the people felt they could lean on one who leaned on God. The dead were buried, the street looked almost as usual, and the Captain's wife carried comfort and hope to the sick, and gave them the only remedies which can avail against the awful scourge.

The little meetings held daily under the banyan-trees, with the songs and stories of the love and power of God and the Saviour, hallowed the village till even the hardest were forced to let in the beautiful influence and spirit of love.

After a little time a messenger arrived one day at the Headquarters.

"Come quickly," he said, "the Mukti-fauj is ill; the sickness has taken him!"

With such feelings as only those can understand who have seen their comrades and loved ones torn from them at a few notice, the Major and one or two with him set out for the village.

But it was all over-even now the grave was being dug, quite near to those the Cap-tain himself had helped to make a day or two before.

It was quick, Major, and peaceful." said the widow of an hour, with a strange light in her eyes. "He did not suffer much. said the widow of an nour, with a strange light in her eyes. "He did not suffer much. We came here for life or death. God has chosen that it should be death. He be-longed to God before he did to me." And then came the burial.

Risk is Too Great

"You must come back with us now," said the Major gently when they stood once more in the little empty hut. "I cannot Besides, the worst is over now, and the cholera has spent itself."

But the widow shook her head, and clasped her dark hands tighter together.

'If I leave them now,' she said, "all my husband's work is undone. They will say. 'She is frightened. Her own life is more to her than our souls. Her God is not greater than our gods.' They do not believe my words, they only believe my actions. Ah, let me stay! Let me finish the work my husband died to dol.'' And her tears of entreaty fell thick and foot. her tears of entreaty fell thick and fast.

But the Major hesitated.

"One week," she pleaded; "only one week! Then if there are no more deaths, I leave and come to Headquarters; but give me one week to stay among the people." And the week was granted to her.

But twice only had the sun risen and set when a little group of weeping villagers carried her slowly in a litter over the rice fields back to the Divisional Headquarters. where, in spite of skill and love, she passed away to her Lord.

"What, then, have these two Tamil comrades accomplished?" I asked the Major who saw it all.

Will Never be Forgotten

"Accom-"Accomplished?" he said. "Accomplished what will never be forgotten there. nor in any part of the district round. In that village I myself, not long after, helped the inhabitants to break and smash up their the inhabitants to oreak and sinish of licelidols. Quite half the people in the place are now earnest Salvationists, trying to serve God. They have an Officer's quarters and barracks there, and the village itself forms part of a flourishing circle of corps, all the outcome of the life and death of those two dear comrades.

This is sacred ground. I bow my head silence in the presence of the Spirit of in silence in the presence of the Spirit or Calvary. Voices from out the receding past, and from the distant future also, seem to reach me. "If it die," says one, "If it die it bringeth forth much fruit—much fruit!" "The world," cries another, "must believe witnesses who are ready to seal their testimony with their lives." Above them all I catch a heavenly echo. "Blessed the dead which die in the Lord; yea. saith the Spirit, that they may rest tro their labors, and their works do follow them

And I see as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that have gotten vict having the harps of gold. Hallelujahl

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Sh, will pon thoose the way of Peace on this glad Christmas more?
Christ bobs a sacreb glit to pon—
The poke that He has borne—
The poke that He has borne—
Can to Feaus truly bring
That bolich He cobect word of all—a
Heart to crown Him King.



ember 26, 1925

A BRIGHT, merry-faced Charlie Fox, in whom a of fun was combined wit

of fun was combined wir disposition.

Left an orphan at an early a been brought up in Muller's Bristol till old enough to be a to the sea, and was then puresel bound for Australia, the mast was a hard one, but beneficial to Charlie, for he g sturdy lad with a bronzed countenance and a brezzy must be spoke the sailor everywhere.

Enlisted in the Artill

Enlisted in the Artill
We will pass over his advensiling amongst the islands of
and around Cape Horn, and ci
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moted had he not given way temptations that beset him is
arroundings, and commenced
dissipated life.
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of relating his adventures to
listeners, and could also sing a
Thus he was considered qui
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got in with, and he very soon
drink and smoke, and swear lik
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swing.
He was a handy lad with hi

to the majority when he go swing.

He was a handy lad with hi as many of his pals discovered had the misfortune to arouse and several black eyes that a parade after a Saturday nig could have been traced to that the Sergeant-Major panuiries far enough.

A favorite place of resort wa—which was the name given public house in the small toward the company was stationed, would gather in the evenings, for the purpose of drinking filling in the time between drin ing cards, dominoes, and bill relating stories to each other. all got drunk, started quarr finished up with a few fights, say the following day that t glorious time.

Took to the Water It was on one such occasion took to the water, in order to ecaptured by the military picuproarious conduct, and how i was as follows:

Boss-eye Hawkins had beer for a song. Now, Boss-eye

Bos-eye Hawkins had beer for a song. Now. Bos-eye grated to Australia in his you and was very fond of lettin know that he considered himsel and therefore just a peg high ordinary Tommy Atkins. He ed that he was a direct descen famous Admiral Hawkins, an cumstance placed him up and in his own estimation at any boys would have it, however, made a mistake, and maintai was Mr. Enry 'Awkins, of Luwa Boss-eye's respected ance The gallant Boss-eye now

26. 1925

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RIED BY COURT MARTIAL

A BRIGHT, merry-faced lad was Charlie Fox, in whom a great love of fun was combined with a daring

of fun was combined with a daring disposition.

Left an orphan at an early age, he had been brought up in Muller's Home at Bristol till old enough to be apprenticed to the sea, and was then put aboard a vessel bound for Australia. Life before the max was a hard one, but it proved beneficial to Charlie, for he grew into a sturdy lad with a bronzed and open countenance and a breezy manner that, bespoke the sailor everywhere he went.

Enlisted in the Artillery

of them, and perhaps he could give points to the majority when he got into full swing.

He was a handy lad with his fists, too, as many of his pals discovered when they had the misfortune to arouse his temper, and several black eyes that appeared on parade after a Saturday night's brawl could have been traced to Gunner Fox had the Sergeant-Major pushed his enquirien far emough.

A favorite place of resort was "Tony's"—which was the name given to a low public house in the small town at which the company was stationed. Here they would gather in the evenings, principally for the purpose of drinking beer, but filling in the time between drinks at playing cards, dominoes, and billiards, and relating stories to each other. When they all got drunk, started quarrelling, and finished up with a few fights, they would say the following day that they had a glorious time.

Took to the Water

It was on one auch occasion that Charlie

Took to the Water

It was on one such occasion that Charlie took to the water, in order to escape being captured by the military picket for his uproarious conduct, and how it happened was as follows:

Boss-eye Hawkins had been called on for a song. Now, Boss-eye had emigrated to Australia in his younger days, and was very fond of letting everyone know that he considered himself a Colonia and therefore just a peg higher than the ordinary Toramy Atkins. He also boasted that he was a direct descendant of the famous Admiral Hawkins, and that eircumstance placed him up another pegin his own estimation at any rate. The boys would have it, however, that he had made a mistake, and maintained that it was Mr. Enry 'Awkins, of Lunnon, who was Boss-eye's respected ancestor.

The gallant Boss-eye now mounted

A Story of Military Life

By Major S.A.Church

the table which was always used as a platform for the singers, and in a pompous way began his song—
"Oh, the wallaby bounded o'er the plain, And the stockman called and called again. Coee, coeec, coeece."

Now, Charlie had quite a contempt for Boss-eye, and had said that if he ever sung his coeec song any more there would be a row. When, therefore, in open defance of these threats, the same old song was heard Charlie caught hold of a pot of beer, and mounting on the table poured the contents down the neck of poor Boss-eye, saying as he did so,. That song is too dry, it wants wetting a bit."

In Rushed the Picket

In Rushed the Picket

dry, it wants wetting a bit."

In Rushed the Picket

An uproar immediately arose, and in the midst of the confusion in rushed the garrison picket.

"Seize those two men!" ordered the Sergeant, but Charlie was too quick for them to catch him. Darting to the back door, he rushed through it into the garden, with two of the picket hard after him. The garden stretched right back to the sea, and when Charlie got to the edge of it, without a moment's hestitation, he dived head-foremost into the water and struck out for home, while his pursuers were forced to retire baffled.

Past wharves, barges, and sailing vessels he swam, until he reached a little sandy beach at the base of a high clift. Just above him were the bartacks, and climbing steadily up the rocks he managed to get in unobserved, and was soon in his room. Such is only one of Charlie's escapades, but it serves to show what sort of a lad he was before his conversion, and to what depths he was drifting when the Salvation Army got hold of him and led him to Jesus Christ to be made into a new creature.

Enlisted in the Artillery

We will pass over his adventures while sailing amongst the islands of the Pacific and around Cape Horn, and come to the time when, tired of seafaring life, legisted in the British artillery and determined to try soldiering for awhile. He was a very handy young fellow, and would, no doubt, have been rapidly promoted had he not given way to the many temptations that beset him in his new surroundings, and commenced to lead a dissipated life.

Charlie had a generous nature, was fond of relating his adventures to groups of listeners, and could also sing a good song. Thus he was considered quite an acquisition to the "boozing school" that he got in with, and he very soon learned to drink and smoke, and awear like the worst of them, and perhaps he could give points to the majority when he got into full swing.

He was never caught, and emboldened by success he carried on the game on a larger scale, until the canteen manager began to wonder where his profits were going to.

began to wonder where his profits were going to.

The men admired Charlie for his audacity and cunning, and as his plundering habits greatly benefited them they kept it to themselves, regarding it as a point of honor (3) not to "split on a pal."

Did his meas want extra potatoes for dinner? then Charlie was the boy to get them; did his room-mates want more coal than Regulation allowed? then Charlie would undertake to show them how to obtain it. He was up to "every move on the board," as the saying is, and always covered up his tracks so neatly that he was never even suspected by his superiors. A great scheme that won him more popularity than anything amongst his special chums was the devising of a method for obtaining free beer at dinner time. Of course he had several confederates to help him in working out these schemes, but by means of bribery or intimidation he managed to secure their silence.

In spite of his astuteness, however, he could not manage to keep clear of the guard room for being drunk and disorderly, and on several occasions he was sentenced to a course of shot-drill in the military prison for some extraordinary reckless behaviour.

Deepest Sunk in Crime

Deepest Sunk in Crime

Deepeat Sunk in Crime

The Christmas before his conversion was the awfulest in his history. The darkest hour seemed to be just before the dawn, and when, to all appearances, he was the deepest sunk in crime and wretchedness. then was the time when the blessed Christ shone into his soul and wrought a marvelous change in the poor lad's heart.

Charlie had been sent to a little outpost to attend to the guns there, and in consequence enjoyed more freedom than he ordinarily did when in barracks. He took full advantage of it, and set off one day for an extended tour of drinking. Not wishing to run the risk of capture in the town, he struck out for the country, and for a time held a high carnival at the different roadside resorts. His money soon gave out, but that little circumstance

did not stop him from ordering more bottles.

ottles.

After a while the store-keeper demanded ayment for his liquor, and Charlie began tonce to plan how to get out of the fix e was in.

he was in.

He would not have hesitated to dash out of the place and leave the man to whistle for his money, but he had drunk so much that his head was beginning to whirl round and he was not quite sure as to whether his legs would carry him very for.

as to whether his legs would carry nurvery far.

"I'll call round next week, boss, and pay up what I owe. I'm a good customer, you know, and I'll bring some friends with me next time. Will that do?"

"No, sah; it won't do," replied the proprietor, a big burly negro. "You pay me now, or I'll pitch you in the sea."

"Lot a challence as that would have

Such a challenge as that would have aroused Charlie to a pitch of red-hot anger on another occasion, but he was beginning to feel so bad that he had no mind to offer any resistance.

Hurled Boots at Him

An idea came to his poor, bewildered brain, and taking off his boots he hurled them at the head of the man who was threatening him.

 \searrow

"There you are; those boots are worth mething to you, Take it out of that," e said, and staggering to his feet he ttempted to make his way out of the

he said, and staggering to his feet he attempted to make his way out of the place.

It so happened that a broken bottle lay in the centre of the room, and as poor Charlie blundered towards the door he stepped right on it. A horrid gash was made in his foot, and the pain of the wound added to the effects of the liquor, caused him to faint away and he fell insensible to the floor.

It was a sorry looking soldier who painfully dragged himself into barracks the next morning and gave himself up to the guard for being absent without leave. For a while he had to endure the quiet and peacefulness of the hospital, and no doubt during his enforced residence there he often meditated on the wrong-doing which was bringing him into such troubles.

When he got better he tried to keep on the steady, but soon found his good resolutions to fail. One night he wandered into the little Salvation Army Hall in the town, and as the Captain spoke, memories of the past arose before him.

Thought of Wasted Years

Thought of Wasted Years

"Well, what a fool I am," he muttered as he thought of the years he had wasted in sin and the opportunities he had thrown away.

"What a sinner I am?" was the next thought which took hold of him. "and how I have dishonored God and gone astray from what they taught me at the Home."

Hark! What were the people singing?

"Deeds now past.

"Deeds now past.
How they cast
Shadows o'er my soul which last."
"How true," groaned the wretched
Charlie as a black despair seemed to
whisper to his heart, "There's no chance
for me."

(Continued on page 6)



Without a moment's hesitation he dived head foremost into the water

In Indian Medicine Man Meets Physician Surence Le nothing to do. They could have seed it was not to the control of the could have seed it was not to the could have seed it was

"CAPTAIN," exclaimed Laurence Le Marr, across the table in the ranch house kitchen, to his friend dressed in the tanch house kitchen, to his friend dressed in the uniform of a Salvation Army Officer, "I'm glad to see you eating a manazine breakfast this morning. I was afraid that I should have to bring Dr. Everyation north of the Ranch. On the manize breakfast this morning. I was afraid that I should have to bring Dr. Everyation north of the Ranch. On the Captain's eyes he continued, "You've never heard of Weepo? I had almost forgotten him myself until kast night as I drove through the Reserve I passed a quest-looking Indian camp. Later, when I passed the shack I noticed some little flags waving and concluded that Weepo had been doing some doctoring there. He is a great man among his people. They have more faith in him than in any white doctor and his medicine, and they went of for him when they are ill or dying. Weepo generally puts up a flag outside the lodge of the sick person, pink, red on the let know what his idea is, unleas he is signaling an Sto3t to his gods. Hope you never run into him unexpectedly—"I'm afraid you would stamped."

Invited to the Ranch

by APTAIN," exclaimed Laurence Le mothing to do. They could have good it it was not too cold. I can leave you off at his place and pick you up on my return; the I had had repaid in the morning at his place and pick you up on my return; the first plan was adopted. The Captain may be fed, healed and warmed. A beautiful reset that the He lank and the limit had not left the ranch, on the first plan was adopted. The Captain was received at the flaps of a much that He invited them to come to Him and that He invited them to come to Him and that He invited them to come to Him and that He invited them to come to Him and the first plan was accoved at the flaps of a much that He invited them to come to Him and the He invited them to come to Him and that He invited that the He invited them to come to Him and the He invited them to the fed cheeled and warmed. A beau

Invited to the Ranch

Invited to the Ranch

Enthusiasm lit the face of the Captain. He had been very ill. After leaving hospital he had tried to resume his work in the little town on the C.N.R., where he was stationed. His strength was not equal to his task. At one of the Army Meetings Laurence Le Marr had entered. Noting his strong face, his gentle and dignified manner, the Captain instantly thought, "Here is a man I'd like to enlist on the Lord's side." After the Meeting he enquired, "Are you saved?" to which he received a negative reply. He invited Laurence up to his quarters. Consequently arrangements were made for the Captain to spend two weeks on the Le Marr Ranch. Laurence explained that his parents were away. He was living alone. Sometimes it was lonely when the chores were done and there was



The Captain was received at the flaps of a much patched tent by the old Indian

and a statement and and an analysis of an analysis and an analysis of a statement of a statement and a statement of a statemen

heart bounded—here was his chance to spread His Master's good message.

"Laurence," he cried, "I must visit this Weepo. How far is it to his camp? Where is that little brone you said could ride?"

"It's eight miles," answered his friend.
"I am going up to the mission and intended to ask you to accompany me if

During the week that followed the Captain and Weepo were happy. The latter made great progress. When he left the ranch at the end of that week he had a great love and faith in his heart, knew something of first aid, had a knowledge of the Bible and its atories and knew how to point others to the Great Physician Who could work grander cures than his little flags had performed.

his little flags had performed.

The night before his departure the Captain watched Laurence as the latter sat on the edge of the table, violin endeled lovingly against his tanned check. To himself he said, "I have spent my time with Weepo. I have showed Laurence what Jesus can do in filling an old Indian's heart with love and happiness." There was a longing in his brown eyes. Would this fine, strong young man not accept such a Master? Laurence read the thought, put down his violin and going across to the Captain said chokingly, "Pray with me Captain."
"Beloved boy, of course I will," was the

"Beloved boy, of course I will," was the answer. Then the Presence that blessed Weepo filled another heart with peace and happiness.

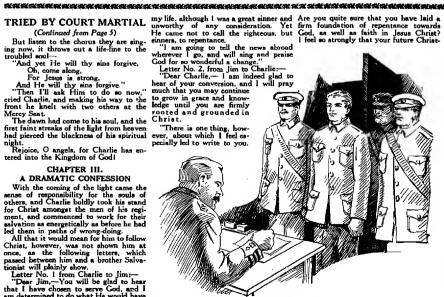
night.
Rejoice, O angels, for Charlie has en-tered into the Kingdom of God!

CHAPTER III. A DRAMATIC CONFESSION

A DRAMATIC CONFESSION
With the coming of the light came the
sense of responsibility for the souls of
others, and Charlie boldly took his stand
for Christ amongst the men of his regiment, and commenced to work for their
salvation as energetically as before he had
led them in paths of wrong-doing.
All that it would mean for him to follow

All that it would mean for him to follow Christ, however, was not shown him at once, as the following letters, which passed between him and a brother Salvationist will plainly show.

Letter No. I from Charlie to Jim:—"Dear Jim,—You will be glad to hear that I have chosen to serve God, and I am determined to do what He would have me do. I realize how He loves me, and His tender mercy has been over me all



"He wrote pardoned across my charge sheet."

ian career depends upon that, for if in after years you find that you have left some sins unconfessed, it will undermine your whole building, and perhaps topple you over."

you over."

An interval of several months elapsed, and Jim thought that Charlie must have gone back to his old ways again. Yet one day letter No. 3 came along containing the following news:—

"Dear Jim,—I know you have been antiously waiting to hear from me, but my foundation is taking time to build.
"Your letter housely me face to face

"Your letter brought me face to face with the fact that I had stolen many pounds' worth of goods from the canteen, and had kept it a secret.

"It bothered me a great deal, and for a long time I was not willing to face the consequences. The thought of exrosure as a thief before the whole garman was too much for me, and I shrank from the imprisonment I expected would be my punishment.

punishment.

"Seeing clearly, however, that my progress in the Christian life would cease unless I owned up, I decided to do right at all coats. I confessed my thefts to the Colonel, therefore, and was ordered a trial by court martial.

"The Colonel enquired fully into the causes that had led me to make such a open confession, and I told him I was now a follower of Jesus and a soldier of the Salvation Army, therefore I was bound to obey the Captain of my Salvation and be true to the principles of the flag I fought under.

"He was spell-bound as I boldly spoke (Continued on Page 7)

(Continued on Page 7)



you; and I am glad the arrange your family abroad. Hold your abroad. Floid your thangers-on and the his for tomorrow. Bring for tomorrow. of the King.
But whether in y

forbid everything tha lated to lead any one and such as could be hallowed and brighter

Try, this Christr bands and wives, pare and friends far and ne of the Christ of Love

Let this be a Ch anything to be forgiv bitterness of spirit a This week I anticipat any grudges, revenger Have a Christmas of Let this be a Ch

row. Remember the send a trifle to the So on no account allow a afflicted Soldier in you extra comforting chee but you must rememb Before all else,

That will make it rea memory in after years Let it be a Christmas when Jesus may be, only days ag work is not as yet fir Him in your feeling your affections, in yo Him from above is

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A Happy Ch to all our



to had lost the right trail, and ted them to come to Him and ed and warmed. A beautiful led the tent. Weopo knew Father was there. He consistenced them and was arwards he begged the Cape and teach him how to take boor, sick "children" and how he Book of Everlasting Life.

alipping behi d the pines in d painted the sky with crim-Laurence stopped his team and storm-worn tent. When made known Weepo's wish a laugh rang on the still air, ly was, "Why, we'll take old to the house. I'll te his ud." The old Indian agreed.

reat Love and Faith

he week that followed, the dear week that followed. The seriest progress. When he seriest progress. When he seriest progress when he seriest progress and knowledge of the seriest progress and the seriest progress and performed.

gs had performed.

At before his departure the teched Laurence as the latter the of the table, violin cuddled ainst his tanned check. To said. "I have spent my time on I have showed Laurence can do in filling an old Indian's love and happiness." There may be a man of the safety of

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red me a great deal, and for a
was not willing to face the conThe thought of exposure as a
the whole garrison was too
e, and I shrank from the imI expected would be my

learly, however, that my proee Christian life would cease
ned up, I decided to do right
I confessed my thefts to the
erefore, and was ordered a
rt martial.
lonel enquired fully into the
had led me to make such an
sion, and I told him I was now
of Jesus and a soldier of the
rmy, therefore I was bound
Captain of my Salvation and
the principles of the flag I
r.

er. spell-bound as I boldly spoke Continued on Page 7)

ne Way to keep

son.

son. In childhood there were the merry games and the extra feeding, and in after years the family gatherings and the Salvation festivities. Therefore, to me, Christmas has always been more or less a lively time. l suppose Christmas has been a similarly interesting occasion to you; and I am glad that it should be a season of gladness for all. So arrange your family gatherings. Collect the loved ones scattered abroad. Hold your Corps festivals. Invite the backsliders, and the hangers-on and the half-decided. Shut out dull care. Trust in God for tomorrow. Bring out your music, and make merry in the presence of the King.

In childhood there were the

bands and wives, parents and children, prothers and sisters, relative and friends far and near, strive to make the anniversary of the coming of the Christ of Love an opportunity for loving one another more.

Let this be a Christmas of heartfelt forgiveness, where there is anything to be forgiven. Next week I shall say, "Do not carry any bitterness of spirit against any human being into the New Year." This week I anticipate "the Old Year out," and say, "Do not carry any grudges, revenges, or other un-Christlike feeling over Christmas. Have a Christmas of Brotherly Love."

Let this be a Christmas of practical sympathy with human sorrow. Remember the poor. If you have no other way of showing it, send a trifle to the Social funds. They always need help badly. But on no account allow any poor widow, or orphan, or aged, helpless, or afflicted Soldier in your ranks to spend this Christmas without some extra comforting cheer. You pray God to remember and bless them yourselves.

Before all else, however, let this be a Christmas of Salvation. That will make it really joyous; that will ensure its being a pleasant memory in after years.

"Like my Lord, I will go to the winderness and unit rescue them.

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and rich to teach them.

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and wider to teach them.

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and there to teach them.

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and there to teach them.

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"Like my Lord, I will go to the will ensure them.

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane i

memory in after years.

Let it be a Christmas of Salvation to yourselves. You had Christmas when Jesus Christ came to your souls years, months, or it may be, only days ago. And He lives there today. But His saving work is not as yet finished. There is still something to be done by Him in your feelings, in your imaginations, in your tempers, in your affections, in your secret lives, before the work that brought Him from above is complete. He came to save you from your

sins. Not merely to save you from sinning in the past, but from sinning in the present. Can we do anything better with this Christmas than welcome Him to our hearts and allow Him to accomplish in us all His blessed will?

But, my comrades, we must go further. I want you, more than ever before, to make this a Christmas of imitation. Christ came not only to be a Sacrifice for our sins, but an Example for our lives. What do we see at Bethlehem? We see there the Christ, come out of His Heaven from the bosom of the Father, from the companionship of the angels, to the humiliation of the manger, to the suffering of a life of poverty and shame, and to the agony of a cruel death. And all to save the souls of men. Come along, and begin this Christmase in the seath of the manger was the beginning of our Lord's Salvation career—the gateway to the road that led Him to the Cross; the embracing of the shame, the anguish, the suffering, and the death that fol-

all of the shame, the anguish, the suffering, and the death that followed. In coming to Bethlehem, He consecrated Himself to all the

lowed. In coming to Bethlehem, He consecrated Himself to all the toil and sacrifice necessary to the saving of the world.

Let us, with such powers as we possess, go forth to the doing of our share of the same blessed task. But to do this will mean our coming down out of our Heaven of ease, or comfort, or respectability, and perhaps a great many other things desirable to flesh and blood.

As He left His Heaven, and His Father, and His celestial glory, so, if we are to do the same kind of work, we must imitate Him in the manner of doing it.

manner of doing it.

of the King.

But whether in your own homes or in The Army Hall, jealously forbid everything that is foolish and triffing and in any way calculated to lead any one away from God. Let every pleasure be pure, and such as could be enjoyed in Heaven, and let every gathering be hallowed and brightened by the presence of your Lord.

Try, this Christmas, for an increase of family affection. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends far and near, strive to make the anniversary of the coming of the Christ of Love an opportunity for loving one another more.

So come down at this Christmas-time. Come down in the spirit of a little child, nay in the spirit of your great and blessed Redeemer.

Any future in the way that will best carry forward my Master's work and be most likely to secure the end for which He came. I, too, will be a Saviour.

"Like Him, saving souls shall be the great end for which I will live.

"Like my Lord, I will go to the wilderness and fight with devils to rescue them. o come down at this Christmas-time. Come down in the spirit

He will guard and guide you, and best of all, He will make.
Your humiliation a glorious exaltation,

Your suffering a great joy, Your conflict a grand victory, Your sacrifice the Salvation of many, many precious souls!

WILLIAM BOOTH

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska Founder... ...William Booth

Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters, London, England.

Territorial Commander. Lt.-Commissioner Chas. Rich, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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A Happy Christmas to all our readers

The Bells of Christmas

(From "Poems of a Salvationist" by Mrs. Brigadier Arnold)

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." Luke 2:10

List to the bells of Christmas, Message of hope they ring— Hope for the world's redemption, Christ is born our King! Jesus, the name be given, To Him the angel satd, Jesus, to save His people, Born in manger bed.

List to the bells of Christmas!
List to their chimes again, Message of peace they're pealing:
Peace, goodwill to men.
If every heart would serve Him, Drive sin and fear away, Nations of earth would welcome, Peace this Christmas day.

List to the bells of Christmas! Playing their love-lit air! Flaying their love-tit air Heaven to earth is bringing Gift so sweet and fatr— Jesus, the pure and holy, Gift of the Father's love: Let us accept His offering. And His goodness prove.

List to the bells of Christmas! Joy-bells for you and me— Birthday of our Redeemer, He Who set us free! How shall we pay Him homage?
How shall we please Him best?
Give Him a willing service:
That is love's true test,

TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL

(Continued from Page 6)

out before them all and told them what great things the Lord had done for me. Then taking up his pen he wrote 'Par-doned' across my charge sheet and con-gratulated me on the step I had taken.

gratulated me on the atep I had taken.

"I have found all and more than I expected in the service of the Lord and it will soon be seven montha since I started on the upward way. I have not tasted drink since the night I knelt at the Penitent Form.

"I am atudying at the scanol and trying to improve myself, and hope soon to be a Candidate for the work.

"I am growing in the spirit of love daily and am giving my best to God and living for others, so I don't think I shall fail to enter those Pearly Gates.

"Won't it be nice to see them swing open, and be able to join in the music of the blood-washed throng. No bad language, no atrife, no pride, no envy—but all love.

""When we shall see Him fore to fee."

the blood-weatest the pride, no envy—but all love.

"When we shall see Him face to face. And tell the story, saved by grace."

Yes, it will be nice, as Charlie says, when from every nation under heaven they shall throng in through the Pearly Catea, a mighty host of redeemed sinners, won to the cross of Christ through the faithful toil of the warriors of the bleeding Lamb, the Army of Salvation.

Samaritan Of $\mathbf{boo_{c}}$

In misery and helplessness a poor settler's family were in great distress in their little homestead on a cold winter's day till the coming of an Army outrider put blue into their sky

By Sister Mrs. Lydall, Edmonton

began to wail.

Towsled Hair and Bare Feet

"Jimmy. Jimmy." "Aw right. Aw
right," came in aleepy tones from the loft
above. "Coming, Mum" A few seconds
later, down the ladder he tumbled.
Towsled hair; little bare feet, hitching up
ia pants as he came, a little fellow of
cight years of age.

Ugh! he shivered, as he banged the door
to and secured the lateh, then with
chattering teeth turned into the room
where his mother and two sisters lay.

"Jiminy Christmas, but it is cold," he
said.

"Jimmy," said the woman, her dark eyes filled with agony. "Try to light the fire, will you dear? We shall freeze to death clse."

"There's no wood cut," whimpered the boy. He was pulling on some slippers which his mother had made out of an old

"len't there a little bit?" pleaded the voman. If you can't find any, try and break up baby's chair, you're mother's man and all she has to help her now."

Four year old Lucy sat up in her cot.

'se hungry, I want a piece of bread,"
e demanded.

"There's no bread," answered the boy, sullenly, "We had the last piece last night Where's Dad, anyway?"

Where's Dad, anyway?"

The mother did not answer, Lucy set up a how!. "Don't! Lucy." said the mother wearily, drawing her hand across her brow. "Jimmy will try to make a fire somehow, then he can put on some potatoes in their skins and if mother can get a cup of tea she will try to get up and make some bread."

A Prayer for Help

A Prayer for Help
Jimmy turned away and hunted the
wood box. His little fingers were stiff
with cold, and try as he might, he could
not prevent the scalding tears from
coming. "Father in Heaven." cried the
woman in agony. "Oh help us now.
I don't deserve it. I have sinned against
Thee, but forgive and have pity." Jimmy
was trying to break the chair, when the
crisp crunch of heavy footsteps came
over the frosted snow.
"It's father," he breathed with a sigh
of relief, and flew to the window. But
was not father. "Who a coming?" queried
the woman eagerly. "Dunno." answered
Jimmy. "It's a little fat man with curly
hair and a cap with a red ribbon all round
it." "Salvation Army," said the mother
and she heaved a sigh of relief. God had
answered prayer and sent His messenger.
A Salvationist would surely go and get

CRASHI The icy breath of January north wind forced crazy latch, and the door of little homestead flew open.

The kitchen was deserted and fireless. From an adjoining room a woman's voice called "Jimmy. Jimmy." Then as no answer came, the call merged into a monast of despair.

"Oh God! have pity," cried the woman she is tried to raise on her elbow, and failing, fell back exhausted upon the pilov. The infant beside her stirred, and began to wail.

Towsled Hair and Bare Feet

"Jimmy. Jimmy." "Aw right. Towns of the boy pointed, but his eyes were glued to the bright red jersey.

"You go and get in the bed and cover wood to last a few weeks before I was married, but he bustom of the cupboard. "I'll put on some outs now, it may be upobard. "I'll put on some outs now." if my husband caught me teaching them cupboard. "I'll put on some outs now." if my husband caught me teaching the upobard. "I'll put on some outs now." I'm lake some biseuits. Good then greated. "Unter some. I'll make some biseuits. Good thing the subscingit." I'm we wilk all ur in the said. "The by held the door open introduced the string on to the bed. "Lucy 'oves oo." The boy held the door open introduced the said. "Where's the away." "What's great coat, the Captain entered. "What's great coat, the Captain entered. "What's great coat, the Captain entered." "What's great coat, the Captain entered. "What's great coat, the Captain entered." "What's great coat, the Captain entered. "What's great coat, the Captain entered." "What's great coat, the Captain entered. "What's great coat, the Captain entered." "What's great coat, the Captain entere

Stood With Open Mouths
The Presence of God filled the little
room while the Captain knelt, crying to
God in earnest prayer. The little children stood with open mouths, watching.
They would not be perauaded to kneel,
and the poor mother lay with her hands
clasped in prayer.
"Now," he said, preparing to leave,
"There is plenty of wood eut and bread
enough for a few days. I was going on
to — but instead, I'll go back to —
where we have a Corps. I know there is
a Corpe Cadet whom the Captain can
send out to you and he will keep in touch
with you himself also. Good-bye and
God bless you."

"God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." The next day was the Sabbath and a little band of Salvationists were wending their way along the high road leading to the Provincial Penitentiary. Every fortnight they were in the habit of holding services with the prisoners there. The prisoners filed in taces like masks, until under the genial and friendly leadership of the Adjutant, they began to relax. Soon they were singing quite heartily the old hyrans, and eagerly listened while the Officer talked to them upon the text. "The wages of ain is death." At the back of the room act a man in torment, and et the close of the Meeting, when the Adjutant said. "Now those of you who would like us to pray for you, put up your hands" "Up pray for you, put up your hands went the hand of this same man. went the hand of this same man. "I've been through hell thinking of my wife and children," he said to the sympathetic Officer. "but if He'll forgive such a wretch as me, I'll try and go straight." The angels rejoiced that afternoon and the bells rang in Heaven.

Met at Prison Cate

A month later, the Adjutant met this poor fellow as he was released from custody, took him home to supper and accompanied him to the train which would carry him home again. Meanwhile he wired to the Captain at the other end, and he was waiting with a conveyance to drive the man home. That morning they erected an altar in that lonely home by the wayside.

Would you be surprised to hear that Jimmy is now a Corps Cadet and Lucy a Junior Soldier, while the fx 1/2 and mother are both faithful Soldiers of the Salvation Army.



"God Bless You," Said the Mother Gratefully, as She Took the Refreshing Cup of Tea,

spoke with a slightly foreign accent.

There never was sweeter music heard than the crash of the swinging are and the crisp splitting of the logs, unless it was the cheerful crackling of the fire which a few minutes later began to send a warm glow into the frosty room. "Now Missus," said the Captain. "Don't cry. You'll be alright now. Which is it to be, tea or coffee?"

"There's the cow in the barn," replied the woman. "She hasn't been milked for two days."

"Don't worth, worth, shout, that "Whan's."

"Don't worry about that. Where's the milk pail?"

"And there's no bread in the house either. There's rolled oats and potatoes, though."
"Cood," said the Captain. "Any

"Good," said the Captain. "Any she cr flour?" "Plenty," said the woman. never " "The Captain was already rummaging things.

yourself up, sonny," said the Captain. Then I'll make for town and get the Capties English was a little broken, and he spoke with a slightly foreign accent.

There never was sweeter music heard than the crash of the swinging axe and the

"What brought you here?" said the

want brought you here? said the woman.

"God, I reckon" was the answer.

"I'm what you call an outrider. I'm really out collecting, but glad to be of service by the way. I've something for you here, sonny," and he drew from his pocket a Sunday school picture and an orange. The boy took the card It was a picture of Jesus blessing the children.

"Who is this?" he said, showing it to his mother. "That is Jesus," she said.

"Jesus? Who is he?" The woman glanced up at the Captain's pitying face, her own covered with shame. "Oh!" she cried, "I know it's wicked of me never to have taught the children these things. Would you believe it? I was a

SHARING CHRISTMAS JOYS

It was Christmas time and we were strangers indeed in a strange town, circumstances placing us so that we had no time to make new friends before the joy-ful season was upon us. However, we were expecting friends from our home town to spend Christmas with us and anticipating a happy time. Other the properties of bright lear sunshine and fresty air, a wet rainy day with heavy clouded skies of bright lear sunshine and fresty air, a wet rainy day with heavy clouded skies are taken there was mother waiting for us. We wondered what we could do. We do its proposition to the proposition of the prop

home to a cup of nea and some bread and butter for their dinner. How glad I was to be able to take them home to share our Christmas dinner with us, and the Christmas tree was given to the little Junior Corps the next day. I proved to the very depths of my child's soul that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Before we left that town my parents were good Salvationists and I became a Junior, so what commenced to be a very disappointing time, turned out to be the most wonderful of any Christmass. If we will only trust Him enough we will find that some of life's highest disappointments are His ways of letting the blessing in.—L. N. S.

on the summit of the mowith the changing of the livalleys the scintillating flat away. In December, how snow (not always glowing blocks the roadway along wired and the afternoon light hard, especially up the open. This hill is a fail but with darkness everydeep, and the air raw an finds it a pretty stiff under ion.

Earnest-Hearte

At the time of which company of earnest-hearte from various cantons of the had listened to many lect with notes. They drank tionism and went forth down amongst the poor, speaking of Salvation to all The principal was pleas anxious to test them they had been tested. Or near for the Christmas chis wife, who was the sweetest of little cherubs. "I have an idea." His "I am glad to hear it happy mother, as she lool more value to her than a silvant should be a support the christmas chis wife. The christmas chis wife, who was the sweetest of little cherubs. "I have an idea." His "I am glad to hear it happy mother, as she lool more value to her than a silvant should be a support the christmas chis wife."

"For some time I have the spirit of the Cadets. are made of: but I am get unity to prove whether t passion sufficiently to rise t "But what is the test?" our sweet little Christmas cherub?—claims my atter curious to know what you.

The Print Well, my plan is simp late this evening the Cadhill from the Garrison. I the snow hard by where the deep. I shall attire myse guise myself thoroughly, sinto the snow. When the groan so as to attract the:

"Oh, that is dreadful of cold and—"
"Nonsense, little mo after our Christmas-box we "Tick, tock," said the The house seemed strang wind sighing amonget the Baby was aleeping. Yet Had Gustav gone?

She had a sense of the

Baby was sleeping. He lad Gustav gone?

She had a sense of the the room. Hearing a slig from the cot in which it and—the sight nearly moor desolate looking brown of the cot in the last special country. The Training Principal and was glad he had take but with his underwraps all right. Would the pla he pushed his way through being dimb. Presently, spot suitable for his plan.

Plunged It

"Surely my watch mu
Cadets are not due this wa
and he plunged himself
No. Now he realized,
voices of the Cadets. Ye
The voice of a lady m
man as they passed along
Principal caught the pung
pair passed close to wher
snow. With womanly in
aside from the path and e
man lying in the snow."
"Leave him alone," sa
upon him.
Locking out of the co
saw to his astonishment
his wife.

The second

nestead

was morried, but me teaching them I get so fright-nk he will kill ur

sked the Capta., d sadly. "Boot-ow what I'm up

icer, "but if you God and strive these children to He will project husband. Le. o.

n Mouths

filled the little knelt, crying to The little chilnouths, watching, y with her hands

eparing to leave, od cut and bread I was going on I go back to — I know there is the Captain can will keep in touch Good-bye and

resterious way His
The next day was
the band of Sal;
their way along
to the Provincial
trinight they were
services with the
remisoners filed in,
under the genial
of the Adjutant,
Soon they were
the old hymns,
shile the Officer
text. "The wages
back of the room
of a Adjutant said,
would like us to
our hands." Up
ame man. "I've
ig of my wife ond

ig of my wife ond the sympathetic forgive such a and go straight." and go str t afternoo Gate

djutant met released f to supper s released from
to supper and
he train which
ain. Meanwhile
at the other end,
h a conveyance
That morning that lonely home

ed to hear that Cadet and Lucy the father and Soldiers of the

some bread and How glad I was ome to share our and the Christ-the little Junior oved to the very that it is more sive.

wn my parents and I became a ed to be a very
dout to be the
y Christmassa.
enough we will
hest disappointing the blessing The MAN by the WAYSIDE by NICHOLAS WILLS The same of the sa 10000

T was about Christ-mos-time. Those who visit Switzerland dur-

visit Switzerland during the summer months on the summit of the mountain ond varying its hue with the changing of the light. But from the low-lying valleys the scintillating flakes appear so remote, so far away. In December, however, it is different. The snow (not always glowing and shining ond inviting) blocks the roadway along which you wall. If you are tired and the afternoon light hos foiled, then the going is hard, especially up the hill to The Salvation Army opens. This hill is a fairly steep ascent ordinarily, but with darkness everywhere, the snow unusually deep, and the air raw and penetrating, the traveller finds it a pretty stiff undertaking to reach his destination.

Earnest-Hearted Young Fellows

ion.

Earnest-Hearted Young Fellowa

At the time of which I write the Cadets were of company of earnest-hearted young fellows who hailed from various cantons of their beautiful country. They had listened to many lectures and filled pocket books with notes. They drank deep of the wells of Salvationism and went forth day ofter day to their duties down amongst the poor, the sick, and the needy, speaking of Salvation to all.

The principal was pleased with his Cadets, but he was anxious to test them even more thoroughly than they had been tested. One evening as the time drew near for the Christmas celebrations he exclaimed to his wife, who was the happy mother of one of the sweetest of little cherubs.

"I have an idea." His eyes shonc.
"I am glad to hear it. Gustav." said the smiling, happy mother, as she looked down upon what was of more value to her than a thousand ideas. "What is it?"

"For some time I have wanted to test the quality of the spirit of the Cadets. I think I know the stuff they are made of; but I am going to give them an opportunity to prove whether they have the spirit of compassion sufficiently to rise to an unexpected occasion." "But what is the test?" asked his wife. "Though our sweet little Christmas-box here—isn't she a little cherub?—claims my attention so much. I om really curious to know what you intend to do."

The Principal's Plan

"Well, my plan is simply this. I know that fairly late this evening the Cadets will be coming down the fill from the Gorrison. I will be dark and cold, and the snow hard by where they will pass has drifted very deep. I shall attire myself in old clothes so as to disquise myself thoroughly, and then throw myself down into the snow. When they pass it is my intention to groan so as to attract their attention."

"Oh, that is dreadful. You will catch your death of cold and—"

of cold and-

of cold and—"
"Nonsense, little mother, You stay and look after our Christmos-box while I go."
"Tick, tock," said the clock on the mantlepicce. The house seemed strangely still. There was a hitter wind sighing amongst the trees and gables without Baby was sleeping. Yes, the house was so quiet. Had Gustav gone?

She had a sense of the presence of some one else in

Baby was steeping. Ites, the house was as of victal Bad Gustav gone?

She had a sense of the presence of some one clese in the room. Hearing a slight sound she raised her eyes from the cot in which the little cherub was sleeping ond—the sight nearly made her sercom. It was a poor desolate looking broken man.

"O Gustav!" she exclaimed, "How could you? "Do I look the part?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed you do. I could almost weep with pity when I see you."

The Training Principal strode on through the night, and was glad he had taken care. It was a cold night, but with his underwraps he expected to pull through all right. Would the plan pass muster? Up the hill he pushed his way through the snow. It was a lumbering climb. Presently, while he looked round for a spot suitable for his plan, he heard voices.

Plunged Into the Snow

"Surely my watch must be wrong," he said. "The Codets are not due this way yet. However, here goes," and he plunged himself into the snow and waited. No. Now he realized. The voices were not the voices of the Cadets. Yet, here were the folk coming. The voice of a lady mingled with that of a gentleman as they passed along up the hill. The Training Principal caught the pungent snilf of a cigar, when the pair passed close to where he had mode a hole in the snow. With womanly inquisitiveness the lady stepped uside from the path and exclaimed, "Ohl here is a poor man lying in the snow."

"Leave him alone," said the gentlemon guzing down upon him.

upon him.

Looking out of the corner of his eye the Principal
saw te his astonishment that it was a preacher and

here. He will die of cold. We must lift him on to the path. Oh. whatever shall we do?" she exclaimed. "Don't worry obout him," replied the husband. I expeet he has had a drop too much. Come along." At length, but very unwillingly, the lady followed the wake of her husband. "Him singular that this should have happened," though the Training Principal. "I am sorry about it, but—"

Anxious to Help, but Perplexed

Anxious to Help, but Perpiexed
Once more steps were heard. It was the preacher
ond his lady returning.
"He is still there," said the latter compassionately
kneeling in the snow. "We must not leave him here."
Crace again the preacher looked down upon the
recumbent figure as though trying to think of a way out
of the difficulty.
"It's no good, my dear. We can't do anything to
help him. Come along! I would help him if I knew
how to."

"One thing you must not do. You must not leave him. Whether he is drunk or sober he is in need of



"A man and sleeping out in the open a night like this."

Ugh! How cold it was. Certainly that watch of his wos wrong, or could it be that he had dozed off to sleep. He found that he had not been lying in the snow so long as he had imagined. The Cadets were now nearly due to pass that way.
"How long time scens when one is out in the cold," reflected the Principal os he tried to make himself comfortable. The laggord minutes passed, and he was on the point of rising to his feet to help to restore his circulation, for he was beginning to feel numbed. Then he thought of the bright, warm room where he had left his little wife and her Christmas-box. This brought cheer to him, and his heart was comforted.
Once again folk were coming along the unfrequented road. There were more than two this time, and they were men's voices that he heard. Whoever they might be they were walking in step.

Ah, that was the voice of the Captain. All uncertainty vonished. They were the Cadets coming down the hill.

What Would Cadets Do?

What Would Cadets Do?

What would happen? As the Principal waited he felt that much depended upon the next few minutes. The reputation of the Army, as well as of his little company of Cadets rested on the issue.

Nearer drew the Cadets for whom he had prayed so long and in whose interest he had labored with such deep concern. They were chatting away, and a writer was raised in sone.

so long and in whose interest he had labored with such deep concern. They were chatting away, and voice was raised in song.

The vital moment had now arrived. The excite-ment of the Principal, though suppressed, was great,

and he found himself breathing heavily, for he lay face down like some hibernating bear. It looked as though the Cadets were so occupied with their talk and singing that they failed to notice the man by the wayside. For shame, Cadets; for shame! Halt! The sharp word of command worked like magic. The song ceased; the footsteps could no longer be heard.

be heard.
"Whot was that?" said the Captain. The Principal

"Whot was that?" said the Captain. The Principal had groaned.
One or two of the Cadets were down on their knees at once. "It's a man."
"A man—and sleeping out in the open a night like this!" "He's not sleeping."
"What's the matter with him?" said the Captain.
"Very likely he's drunk," said one. "Or injured," said another.

"He Must Have Fallen"

"He Must Have Fallen"

Once more the Principal groaned. "Poor fellow. He must have fallen heavily and hurt himself."

Anyway, drunk or sober, hurt or sound, he must not be allowed to freeze to death.

With difficulty the Principal restrained his feelings, but it was his duty to carry through his extraordinary project. The Cadets were kneeling in the snow or bending over him, and all were seeking to be of some service.

service.
"What about the Meeting," said one. "That can

wait a little," was the answer.

"If every absentee has as good a reason as we have, then all will be well."

"How is hc" said the Captain. "He appears to be very drowsy, and it's a job to get a word out of him. Evidently he is quite unconscious, but he is almost too heavy to lift to his feet."

heavy to lift to his feet."

"Don't try to lift him to his feet," said the Captain.
"It is not a long way to the Training Carrison. We
must carry him up the hill, and when we get him into
the Carrison we can take him down where the stove is
get him warm and give him some hot coffee. Now
then, boys—one—two—three!"

The Principal of the Training Carrison felt himself
being lifted out of his uncomfortable quarters and
carried up the hill. It was too bad on his part, the
Principal thought. But it was no good giving away
the position now.

Carried Him Up the Hill

Carried Him Up the Hill

It was a hard journey up the hill, not so much for
the panting and perspiring Cadets as for the one they
were carrying. If truth must be told more than once
he nearly came a cropper; but on they went determinedly, and they were encouraged to increased exertions by the groans of the man. There was a welcome
respite at the Training Garrison entrance. Then the
Cadets with their Captain took up the burden again
and with revived energy. Through the entrance they
carried the man found by the wayside.

"Take him down to the store," said the Captain.

and with revived energy. Through the nursen again and with revived energy. Through the entrance they carried the man found by the wayside.

"Take him down to the stove," said the Captain. When they got within the glow of the stove downstains, so exultant was the Principal in his feelings, so full of gratitude and pride, that, pulling back the soft old service cap that had been pulled over his cars and eyes, he cried with sudden energy his face alight with recognition. "Well done, lads. Well done!"

This indiscretion on his part brought about a startling turn of events. A French-Swiss Cadet was so surprised that he let go his part of the burden, and a German-Swiss Cadet let go another part, and an Italian-Swiss Cadet in attendance jumped right into the air with astonishment. The result was that the Principal was dropped with a bump on to the floor, but he forgot his hurts and the chill of the night, and while the astonished Captain and Cadets crowded around, he related his night's experience. Soon the Cadets were laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks while the Principal glowed with pleasure and satisfaction.

Evidence of Salvationism

Evidence of Salvationism

The story was too good to keep, and it was passed on to the other Wing of the Training Garrison, where it was received as an evidence of the practical Salvationism of the men Cadets. Though it was well known that the women-folk often lead in devotion and self-sacrifice, they envied the men Cadets the splendid opportunity they had had of proving that they were no mere theorists, but were eager to show their devotion to Christ in practical form.

It was not the Principal who told the story in the city. But somehow it got out, as good stories will. Need I add that that Christmas was one of the happiest to the Cadets and to the Captain, and to the Principal, who reached the bright little orom, the good little wife, and the Christmas-box in safety.

"Now tell me all about it, Gustaw," said the wife. And Gustav related the Christmas story pretty much as I have related it to you.



NCE again this glorious message is ringing in our ears. The Salvation Army calls upon all men everywhere, rich and poor, high and low, sinner or saint, employer or employed, to pause in the midst of their pursuits and pleasures and join once again in the glorious anthem of the angels:

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGH-EST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

The event taking place in Bethlehem that day was of such importance that an angel was sent from the skies to announce it. Startling and arresting as was this method of proclamation, even that was not sufficient for:

"SUDDENLY THERE WAS WITH THE ANGEL A MULTITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST PRAISING GOD AND SAYING: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.""

What was the event thus heralded in such royal fashion? Just the birth of a baby in a manger at Bethlehem—so thought the friends and neighbors who had travelled with Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Just the birth of a baby. The only difference in their thought was that this babe was born in a manger instead of the quiet and seclusion of the little cottage home. But listen! what is the announcement the angel is making?

"FEAR NOT: FOR BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE. FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY IN THE CITY OF DAVID A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD."

We can well understand how such an announcement caused the heavenly host to burst into song. For the birth of the babe was the fulfillment of an age long promise made to God's chosen people, and indeed, made to the whole world. It was more, it was the birth of a New Spirit in the world, and that New Spirit never has been, and indeed, never can be better expressed than in the angels' song:

"CLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGH-EST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

Hence our plea that the world should pause again at this Christmastide long enough to join in this glorious anthem.

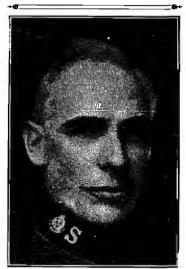
What a God-given thought it was to celebrate the Armistice by calling upon the millions of people who go to make up the mighty Commonwealth of Nations that we call the British Empire, to stand in silence for two whole minutes and remember their sacred dead, and God. To stand in the midst of the thousands gathered in the greatest city of the Empire, to feel the weight of that

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

tremendous silence, each minute of which seemed an eternity, to feel the mighty urge of the heart of that crowd Godward,

was an experience never to be forgotten.

But what would happen if all the world would cease its work, its play, its every pursuit, and join together in the mighty chorus of the angels song. If those who stand at the head of each nation of the world, whether King or President, would only join in this song! If Politician and Diplomat, Employer and Employed, the



LT.-COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH Territorial Commander for Canada West and Alaska

representatives of Capital and Labor, would all join in the song, surely the Christmas spirit would be born anew in the hearts of all.

International disputes would be settled. Racial enmities would die. The Disarmament Conference would be unnecessary. Labor difficulties would end, for both Employer and Employed would find themselves meeting on a common ground of brotherhood:

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN AND GOD TAKING THE HIGHEST PLACE.

This dream of a world "born again," born with a new spirit in a moment may be Utopian, but let every individual open his heart to the new spirit and spread it everywhere and the dream shall surely come true! HAVE YOU GOT THE CHRISTMAS

Apply these four tests and you will soon know whether you possess it or not.

I. The spirit of Christmas is one of goodwill. The birth of Christ was the pledge of God's goodwill towards men. It is the spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation. None can receive the benediction of the Christmas spirit except they are ready to bestow it.

HAVE YOU GOT THIS SPIRIT?

2. The Christmas spirit is:

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

God sacrificed His right as the wronged one. He did not wait until guilty men sought to be reconciled.

God's Christmas gift was the sacrifice of the most precious possession He had and that for His enemies as well as His friends.

If you have the Christmas spirit you will not be content with making presents to your friends only. It demands gifts to those who can make no return, and this can only be done by the spirit of sacrifice.

"Whosoever hath this world's goods and seeth his brother hath need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."

HAVE YOU GOT THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE?

3. The Christmas spirit is the spirit of Service.

Jesus said, "I am among you as He that serveth," and "I have given you an example."

If we have this spirit we shall share His nature, His love, His attitude toward the world of evil. Our motto will be, "Others," and the spirit of service will be the very joy of our lives.

HAVE YOU GOT THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE?

4. The Christmas spirit is the spirit of Love.

Neither forgiveness, sacrifice or service are possible without Love.

The base of Bethlehem's manger was the pledge of God's unspeakable love. It was love alone that made endurable the manger-cradle, the humiliation, the buffetting, the ingratitude and scorn, Gethsemane, Pilate's Hall, The Cross and Calvary.

HAVE YOU GOT THE SPIRIT OF LOVE?

If you have, then you will manifest Christ's spirit of Goodwill, Sacrifice and Service.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,

If He's not born in thee, thy heart is still forlorn.



HE CHRISTMAS

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nristmas is one of of Christ v a the will towards men. iveness and reconreceive the benemas spirit except with the control of the control of

THIS SPIRIT? pirit is: ACRIFICE.

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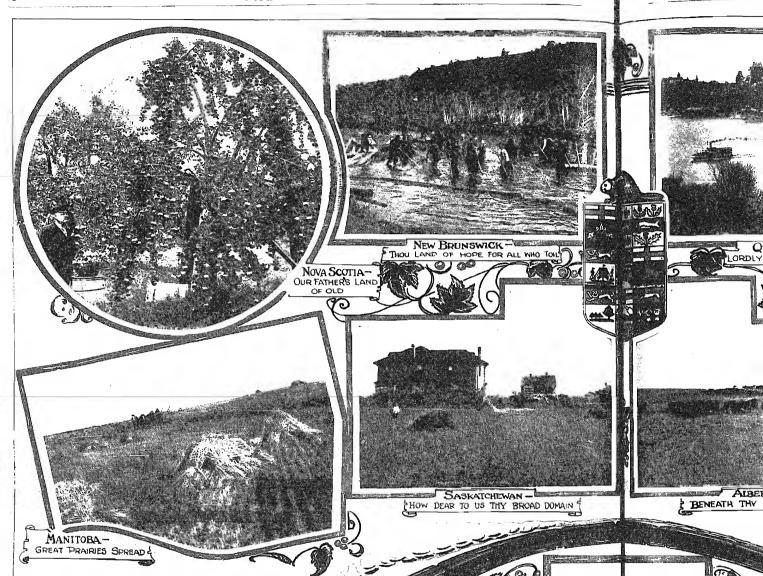
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THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.





OH CANADA! OF LIT'S LAND OF OLD.

O Canada: Our best sal Native land.
True patriot-love is all yours command,
With glowing her gives thee rise,
The true North, sit gud free:
And stand on gum Danada,
Stand aye on gumb thee.

O Canada! O Canad O Canada! We stard of the of thee, O mada! We stand on the of thee.

O Canada! where hash maples grow, Great prairies spr mt lordly rivers flow, How dear to us thread domain, From East to West etc. Thou land of hope of all who toil. Thou true North. Signad free.

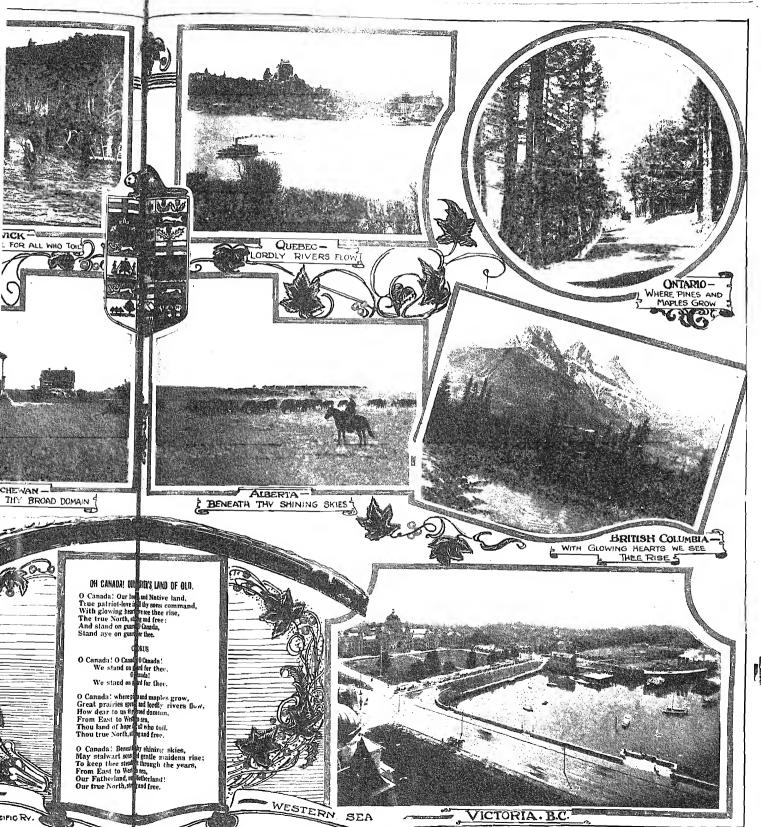
O Canada' Bendin'ty shining skies, May stalwart soot of traile maidens rise; To keep thee sleaf through the years, From East to West are, Our Fatherland, statement of the control of the

HALIFAX

FROM

EAST COURTESY. CANADIAN PAGIFIC RY.

TO



December 26, 1925

4767676767676 HE shaping of the history of it the story of an imme prophetic uterances of suries have blended strangely fiets of life and testimony—eas no uncertain sound, the chords of truth. It is a country and prepared for strange exhallowed by the life, works and great Redeemer—a land no for secular greatness, but for One cannot think of the cou

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One cannot think of the couout thinking of Jerusalem—ththe soul—a City of spiritual it
True, it is a city of many so
City has been besieged, take
taken, more often than Jerusal God's Candlestick

The streets of no City hav more blood of human beings Holy City, and yet so stran true—God chose to put His and make it the candlestick for of the World.

Here nations are bound toge around the City by the syn Cross and the Churches they h jerusalem is first mention Bible (Josh. 18, 28) as Jebus Jerusalem. David brought Ga and the shields of gold to Jerus carried the ark of God to Jerus very great train.

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Jerusalem is the object of
The Saviour wept over it
Oh Jerusalem. Jerusalem.

killest the prophets and stonet
are sent unto thee—how oft
have gathered thy childre
even as a hen gathereth
under her wings, and ye v
(Matt. 23, 37).

The Bible is the best more

(Matt. 23. 37).

The Bible is the best gr.
Syria. Here the fig-tree ple
vineyard, there the tower g
winepress, unmuzzled oxe
out the corn on the threshim
whence the wind drives the ch
still coming to the wells for we
two at the grinding-mill.

we at the grinding-mill.

Israel's greatness lay sk showledge of the Lord-all ments in greatness failed.

Consider the Roman con Christ. Rome was about His grave. He was brough hem for a Roman taxatic delivered to a Roman judgered to a Roman judgered to a Roman judgered to a Roman judgered to a lay the state of the

Sea and Deaer Environment counts for national life—the environment is sea and desert. It is a fertile resting place for tregypt to Mesopotamia brations she was ever a bwar and politics.

The sea she never took She may exult in the fact I is path on the great wa does not venture there looks upon it as a place to expond the chance of reapare to be cast into it and millstones round their millstones round their millstones round their and millstones round their millstones round thei

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The desert was Israel's
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LING

S CARRUTHER

Where Christmas Was Created

A Glimpse at the wonderful land of Palestine and some seasonable thoughts thereon.

By Colonel Charles Knott, Chief Secretary.

THE shaping of the history of Palestine is the story of an immense pact. Prophetic utterances of past centres have blended strangely with the facts of life and testimony—each echoing in no uncertain sound, the vibrating chords of truth. It is a country destined and prepared for strange events and sallowed by the life, works and death of our great Redeemer—a land not destined for sexular greatness, but for revelation. One cannot think of the country without thinking of Jerusalem—the City of the soul—a City of spiritual inspiration. True, it is a city of many sorrows—oright has been besieged, taken and retaken, more often than Jerusalem.

God's Candlestick HE shaping of the history of Palestine

God's Candlestick

The streets of no City have run with more blood of human beings than the Holy City, and yet so strange—but so true—God chose to put His name on it and make it the candlestick for the light of the World.

Here nations are bound together in and around the City by the symbol of the cross and the Churches they have erected

Jerusalem is first mentioned in the Bible (Josh. 18. 28) as Jebusi, which is Jerusalem. David brought Goliath's head and the shields of gold to Jerusalem. They carried the ark of God to Jerusalem. The Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem with a very great train.

very great train.

Jerusalem is the object of many tears.

The Saviour wept over it exclaiming.

Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stoneth them that are sent unto thee—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

(Matt. 23, 37).

The Ribb. is at the control of the contro

(Matt. 23, 37).

The Bible is the best guide-book to Syria. Here the fig-tree planted in the vineyard, there the tower guarding the winepress, unmuzzled oxen tramping out the corn on the threshing floors from whence the wind drives the chaff. Women still coming to the wells for water or sitting two at the grinding-mill.

Israel's greatness lay solely in the knowledge of the Lord—all other experiments in greatness failed.

ments in greatness failed.

Consider the Roman conquerors and
Christ. Rome was about His cradle and
His grave. He was brought to Bethlehem for a Roman taxation. He was
delivered to a Roman judge, to Roman
soldiers and crucified on a Roman cross.

soldiers and crucified on a Roman cross. To see the Russian pilgrims in Palestine, poor and ignorant, but with simple, yet strong faith, is an inspiring sight. To visit Palestine to them is to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Bathing in the Jordan, filling their bottles, dipping their winding aheets in the water—it all signifies self-denial prompted by the purest desire to escape from defiling society to cleanness of faith. to escape front in the front in

Sea and Desert

Sea and Desert
Environment counts for much in
national life—the environment of Palestime is sea and desert. It is a great oasis—a
fertile resting place for travellers from
Egypt to Mesopotamia between which
nations she was ever a buffer state in
war and politics.

nations she was ever a buffer state in war and politics.

The sea she never took for a friend. She may exult in the fact that Cod has fis path on the great waters, but she does not venture there herself. She looks upon it as a place to cast evil things beyond the chance of reappearing. Since to be cast into it and offenders with millatones round their necks.

The desert was Israel's real neighbor. The Israelite knew its horrors and yet loved it. Some authorities speak of a sand depth of 600 feet—yet it is not all consecrated to death and will never be so long as the nomad Arabs and their flocks keep wandering. The Arab fears the walled city. The desert has even to the theorem of the Jordan and encroached west of this river. The fierce storms drive the sand into the country

and only by sheer force of physical effort on the part of the farmers is the desert retreat and calm, where new revelations are found. David, Elijah, Paul, Mohammed, all betook themselves to the solitude, the desert—its winds blast the crops and destroy the cattle.

destroy the cattle.

Visitors from the West are often disappointed and as they move from place of to place their wonder grows as they recall the Biblical descriptions of the land flowing with milk and honey.

A man coming in from the desert sees reces and fountains, not as they are in themselves, but as they contrast with the burning sands. The sound of wind the house of the sound of wind the rustling leaves or the ripple the hillsides where terracing and irrigation of the water are to him as the speech of

Having now given some glimpses at the land of Pelestine—where Christmas was created—let me conclude with some thoughts springing therefrom and having a particular application to the great Festival we are celebrating at this season of the year.

Many Pleasing Characteristics

Many Pleasing Characteristics

HRISTMASTIDE has many pleasing characteristics—the young look forward to it as a season for merrymaking, the giving and receiving of gifts, the journey home to spend the holiday in the dear old home, that place of childhood's memories of parental love and care, and the centre of youthful escapades and adventures. What an attraction the thought of Christmas has had through those waiting months—what expectations it has created, which have made the burdens of life easier to bear, and sped Father Time along to the happy culmination of their longings.

Expectation is one of the great fore-

rather i lime along to the happy culmination of their longings.

Expectation is one of the great forerunners of Christmas experiences. Expectations are visions of things we hope
to realize. It was Ahaz, the King, who
spoke those wonderful words of prophetic value—"Behold a virgin shall
conceive and bear a son and shall call his
ame Immanuel." Isa, 7.14. Such words
were not permitted to be lost or forgotten
as if they were newspaper reports to
aatisfy the shifting thoughts of men. No,
they were preserved and that, in spite of
changes in language resulting from the
numerous conquests that raged in that
Land of Promise, and in spite of the
summerous conquests that raged in that
Land of Promise, and in spite of the
summerous conquests that raged in that
Land of Promise, and in spite of the
summerous conquests that raged in that
Land manuscripts in vain hopes of exterminating all traces of God's Holy
Word.

Thus it was that the Word of the Lord

Word.

Thus it was that the Word of the Lord in the mouth of Ahaz the King, was preserved and handed down from generation to generation until a strange spirit of expectation was upon the people. In the wilderness, one John was preaching, saying, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. This is He that was spoken of by the prophet Esaise." Then went out to Him Jerusalem and all Judea."

In the cities it was the same. At

In the cities it was the same. At Nazareth an angel visited the home of one Joseph and named the child already unborn, "Thou shall call His name Jesus." "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet.



Then, away down East of the Jordan, over desert places, the wise men had grown curious and strangely moved in their spirits because they had seen His star in the East."

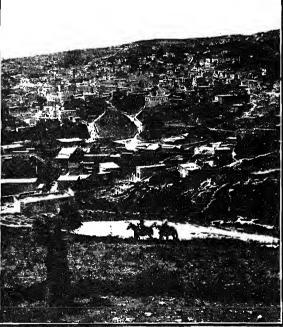
star in the East."

Now all these expectations were not fantastic dreams or groundless fore-bodings; they were the result of the moving forward of the will and purposes of God which would culminate in the vindication of His Word spoken by the mouth of His prophets that one should come who would actually be as "God with us."

with us."

It has been said that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in realization. Well, we will not occurde the old dispensation any of the loys that came to them from their conviction-born expectations, but we shall do well to copy their good example as we approach this, another anniversary of the birth of our Immanuel.

anniversary of the birth of our Immanuel.
Our highest expectations cannot reach
the lofty heights of His possibilities, for
"He can do exceeding abundantly
above all that we ask or think."
Our deepest need cannot outgrow or
cancel the expectations raised by the
promise, "God shall supply all your
need, according to His riches in glory by
Christ Jesus. With these exceeding
great and precious promises let us approach this season for the giving of gifts
with great expectations, remembering
that he who gets must give. with great expectations, it that he who gets must give.



Where Christ was born-a view of the modern town of Bethlehem

a god. The very barrenness of the desert becomes a challenge to hope and fraith—"streams shall break forth there and the desert shall blossom as the rose."

Palestine can never be seen but as a recognized He, the Christ, is gradually miracle of life and beauty rescued from

A Christmas Carol

Tune: "Come. Comrades dear."

Awakel awakel this happy morn, Sing of a mighty, looing Sawlour born, Clory to God on high; Sing peace on earth, goodwill t'ward men, And sing it o'er and o'er again, And fill the world with joy.

The glory shone, and angels sang, With blessed tidings joyful shepherds ran, God's only Son to see; The saving power of Jesus name, Will swell Messich's glorious fame, Throughout Eternity.

Rejoicel rejoicel with Christmas son g. Like mighty thunder roll His praise along, Loud Hallelujahs sing: Proclaim His birth, good news to tell. With highest praise glad voices weell, And worship Christ your King.

Eternal thanks to Christ be given,
With joyful music storm the gates of
Head n,
Before His throne fall down;
By Behliehem's hand to Calvary led,
Let Heaven and earth put on His head
A hallelujah crown.

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December 26, 1925

An Interesting Description of the Beginnings of our Work, and its Marvellous Development during a Period of Forty Years

Editor-in-Chief of our Swedish Publications By Brigadier Malmstrom

So far as is known, Sweden was the first country outside Great Britain, that received a visit of an active member of the Salvation Army. The was of great importance to the Salvation and Eave here here to the form a short time as a guest visited the temporary home of a railway-contractor in Varnamo, Smaland, where he assisted by an interpreter, started to

An Officer Working Among the Deof and Dumb, and a Slum Officer

preach the Gospel. This was in the fall of

As a result the Army Flug was planted in Sweden four years later. A lady named Hanna Ouchterlony, attended the meetings in Varnamo, and became very much interested in the work of the Salvation Army. She received later an invitation to visit the General and his family and during her stay in England she was given the rank of Major and appointed to "open fire" in her native country. With a heart burning for the salvation of her people she returned to Sweden to commence the warfare.

Major Ouchterlony conducted the first

salvation of her proppers Sweden to commence the warfare.

Major Ouchterlony conducted the first Salvation Army meeting in the Swedish Capital on December 28, 1882. The Ladugardatheatre, where the remarkable "uremier" was going to be held was

Ing on their effort.

The invasion of Sweden by the Salvation Army aroused remarkable attention and interest. Big crowds gathered in the first meetings and many had to be refused admission. Very often overflowneetings were arranged out in the yard, even in the middle of the winter. Scores came to the mercy-seat and sought salvation, and often the seekers had to kneel right down in the snow, or by a dray or something else peculiar, which had to serve as a penitent-form.

something else peculiar, which had to serve as a penitent-form.

Now and then, however, disturbances took place and were reported. The authorities in several places laid the blame on the Army and took measures, which, without exaggeration, may be called persecution. A number of Officers were during this period, thrown into prison. Great difficulties also arose in connection with renting of I-alls and in providing money for the operations, but the young Salvation Army fought bravely, prospered and won the victory. The Lord blessed the work abundantly. It is true enough, that the Army in the beginning, "hurried slow." Only two Corps were opened outside of Stockholm, one in Goteborg och Uppsala, and the year after one in Norrkoping. But during 1885, considerable advances were made. Four new Corps were opened and ever since the Army has been progressing and spreading all over the country, until at present 266 Corps, with about one thousand Outpost attached, are in operation, divided into twelve Districts.

tion, divided into twelve Districts.

General William Booth visited Sweden for the first time in October 1887. During his stay he visited several cities in our country and conducted twenty-eight Netchings with a number of souls at the mercy-seat. The General visited Sweden several times later, the last time being in 1911. As Chief of the Staff, General Bramwell Booth visited Sweden a number of times. His first visit as General was in 1913.

The Swedish "War Cry" was launched in September 1883. During the first years the "War Cry" was printed on four pages, but October 15, 1887, the first issue on eight pages was published. In 1888 the paper had a circulation of 18-000 copies a week, at the present time 57,000 copies are sold.

The Dedication of the first building of

The Dedication of the first building of the Salvation Army in Uppsala, "Arken,"

Scene at a Resting Home for Old Women

King of Sweden included, donating for the purpose 10,000 crowns.

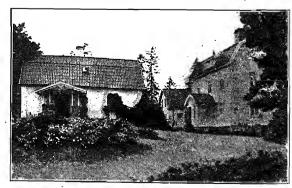
In 1890 the Men's Social Work and the Women's Social Work were established. The first Rescue Home was opened on January 14th and a couple of months later a Slum Post was organized. This new branch of the Army has, from small beginnings, grown to be a big tree, apreading its operations in every direction, caring for those who are homeless and friendless. The Women's Social Work operates through thirty-four Slum Posts, three Rescue Homes, two Maternity Homes, one Home for ex-prisoners, and Midnight-Mission, seven Homes for Children, four Women's Boarding Homes, one Women's Hostel, ten Summer-Homes for children and six Summer-Homes for children and six Summer-Homes for old and poor women. A quarterly paper, "Ljus i Morker," with a circulation of 35,000 eopies, is published in the interests of the Women's Social Work.

Scene at a Kesting Home for via Fromeia maintain their good work King of Sweden included, donating for the purpose 10,000 crowns.

In 1890 the Men's Social Work and the Women's Social Work were established. The first Rescue Home was opened on January 14th and a couple of months later a Slum Post was organized. This new branch of the Army has, from small beginnings, grown to be a big tree, spread-springs, grown to be a big tree, spread-springs

5,000 copies.

Another important branch of the Salvation Army in the Seandinavian countries is the work among the deaf, dumb and blind. This work got a start through a deaf and dumb woman, who in one of the Meetings came to the penitent-form. A woman Officer, who knew the sign-language prayed with her, and took a deep interest in her "silent friend." This incident became "the Macedonian Call" for workers to proclaim the Gospel for the deaf and dumb. This was in 1894. In 1916, the work among the (Continued on Page 20)



The Main Building and One of the Patient's Houses at the Inebriales Colony on Kuron Island.



Army Officer Conducting a Meeting With the Lapps, a People Living in the Extreme North of Sweden

crowded with people with great expectations. When the three women and the 1887 The Temple, in Stockholm, was two men (Major Ouchterlony and her erected and dedicated on Christmas day comrades) came on the "stage," dressed in the Salvation Army uniform, which was which have followed good progress has then unknown in Sweden, they were been made in securing new buildings and inspected with great curiosity. The meetman of the securing new buildings and ing commenced by singing the song: working in buildings owned by the Army, "We're bound for the land of the pure of which there are about 280 in all. One

An informa

WHEN the western face towards to first comes in comes in

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Coast, and from the last
ary Line to the Barrer
north, the native tribe
Reserves by treaty wi
Government, with the
few bands roeming a
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one of the largest bod
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roper with an allied
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with a sub-tribe. the
Blackfoot Confederacy
Blackfeet, Bloods an
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Castor Indians of At
far north are the Att
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forests, prairie or sea,
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while for heaving of of an average room while for beauty o accuracy in expression only with the Greek euphonious tongue, re sweet, tender and bea captivated when list captivated when list even when terms of used. The Blackfoot guttural sounds, but t in the Sarcee langua in the throat by a d the sound comes thro mouth, by decisive of white men acquiring

during

il Work began on nen a Shelter for men sholm. This branch nade wonderful ad-

nade wonderful ad-wers a considerable d. Two Homes for and homeless and ling in the Capital, s for men. one Food d Yards and one rking Men. Other

their good work onkoping, Halsing-lorrkoping. Prison and an Investiga-established. On a Malaren, is situated The Men's Social

quarterly paper.

ranch of the Salva-dinavian countries e deaf, dumb and a start through a who in one of the penicant-form. A knew the sign-

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Page 20)

Aborigines Western OI anada

An informative article concerning the various tribes of Indians inhabiting this country, their languages, legends, religious ideas and social customs.

tev, John Maclean, M.A., Ph.D., D.D., Chief Archivist of the Methodist Church in Canodo, authorous and Conada, "McDougall of Alberta," elementary of Conada, "McDougall of Conada," elementary of Conada, "McDougall of Conada," elementary of Conada, "McDougall of Conada, "McDougall of Conada," elementary of Conada, "McDougall of Conada, "McD By Rev.

WHEN the western tourist, with his face towards the setting sun, first comes in contact with the red mon in an old dirty blanket, sauntering around a railway station, or squatted on a primitive sidewalk in a smoll town. It is likely to conclude that writers on the heroic virtues of these denizens of the proirie, mountain and coost have deceived him, and the pictures of freedom, nobility of character and greatness are fictions and visions of the imaginotion. Behind the swarthy features and stolid countenance of this nomad, however, is a man with a soul, worthy of ellowship when lifted out of his sad and depressing environment, capable of redemption ond becoming a useful citizen.

Located on Reserves

From Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, and from the International Boundar, and from the International Boundary and International

demption and becoming a useful citizen.

Located on Reservea

From Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, and from the International Boundary Line to the Barren Grounds of the north, the native tribes are located on Reserves by treaty with the Dominion Government, with the exception of a few bands roaming at large. Among them is the Cree Confederacy, forming one of the largest bodies of Indians in the Dominion, including the Plain, Wood and Swampy Crees; the Sioux proper with an allied tribe, the Assimiboines or Stoney Indians; the Ojibways with a sub-tribe, the Saultcaux; the Blackfoot Confederacy, comprising the Blackfoot Enfower of the Beaver or Castor Indians of Athabosca. In the far north are the Athabascan or Dene tribes, including the Loucheux or Kutchin, the Hore, Dog Riba, Slave, Yellow Knives, Cariboo-Eatera, the Chipewyans, Tsckchne, Bad People and Beaver Indians; while in British Columbia, the home of the Sailish, there are Tshimseans, and many other tribes, too numerous for mention in a short article.

These varied peoples show different

mention in a short article.

These varied peoples show different physical characteristics, in stature, color of the skin and texture of the hair, the mode of living is conformable to the climate, food existing in the country and general character as to mountoins, rivers, forests, prairie or sea, and consequently, their languages, legends, houses, customs and native religious ideas vary, making the study of the native tribes a long and intricate process, worthy the ability and genius of scholarly men and women.

Native Languages

genius of scholarly men and women.

Native Languages

One thing is evident in the study of aboriginal races, and that is, that there does not exist a single atheistic language, and there is not such a thing as a sovage language, every tribe having a perfect grammar, with linguistic lows, from which there is no deviation, forming a proof similar to Paley's argument for the existence of God. Indeed, some of the tribes, especially in Africo, reckoned to be among the lowest in the scale of civilization, have o language with a great number of declensions and conjugations, which excite surprise, wonder and admiration among students of philology. A similar condition exists in our own western land, where the surroundings of the people give no indication of the wonderful language they possess. Were the paradigm of a single Cree verb to be written out fully, the cards would cover the wolls of an average room in a modern house while for beauty of construction and accuracy in expression it can be compared only with the Greek language. It is an euphonious tongue, rich in vowel sounds, sweet, tender and beautiful, and the ear is captivated when listening to a speaker, even when terms of denunciation are used. The Blackfoot longuage has many cuttural sounds, but the climax is reached in the Sarcee language, which is spoken in the throat by a double guttural, and the sound comes through the sides of the mouth, by decisive clicke. The difficulty of white men acquiring this language may

personal whim, or simply for ornament, as every stroke has its own significance, understood by the natives, though a dead letter to the paleface.

understood by the hatves, though a dead letter to the paleface.

In the summer, men and women of the parite tribes gather in the open, forming a large circle, where, as they beat on their tom-toms or indeed enything that will make a noise, and all sing in unison, several men dance in the centre and when one becomes exhausted, another will take his place, until hunger drives them home. In the winter, the monotony and loneliness are broken by tea-dances, gambling bouts and story telling, of which they are very fond. Young men indulge in the game of the wheel, boys and girls have their own games of odd and even, shooting arrows, running and swimming, and life in a native camp is not one long spell of idleness. Among the northern tribes there are native industries which develop the mind, afford a means of fivelihood and reveal the hidden talents of the people, waiting an education to help them to a larger and better means of support.

Religious Ideas and Customs

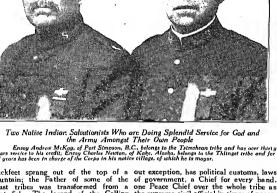
Religious Ideas and Customs

Religious Ideas and Customs
The craft of the medical priesthood, with the knowledge and use of herbs as medicines, the magic arts of the conjuror, the grades and modes of initiation, and the methods of payment for services rendered, form an interesting study; the religious ideas, customs and feasts relating to the soul, spirits, prayer, fasting, forgiveness of sins, the future life, including the Sun Dance, the Thirst Dance and Sun Worship, hold an importont place in comparative religion, and the native literature, rock inscriptions, picture writing, totem poles, and birch bark executed are suggestive phases in the life of the red man.

Pathetic indeed, is the study of the

records are suggestive phases in the life of the red man.

Pathetic indeed, is the study of the maps of the western continent covered with the names of Indian tribes which have long since ceased to exist, and the sadness lingers with us when we learn that the footprints of the white race prophesy suffering and deoth to native peoples. When Principal Grant of Queen's University, returned from his visit to Australia and New Zealand, he said to me: "It is sad to be compelled to say that wherever the white man goes, the native races are doomed! I am afraid that we have seen almost the last of the Maoris!" And that is true of the American Indian tribes. The proximity of a town to a native camp or reserve is detrimental to the welfare of the natives, as they become demoralized and seem to be susceptible to the vices of the white man. The presence of great men among them shows the possibilities inherent in the tribes, as there have been worthy gentlemen, nature's noblemen, native statesmen, like Peguis of the Saulteaux, Crowfoot of the Blackfeet. Poundmaker of the Crees, Red Crow and Medicine Calf of the Blockfeet. Poundmaker of the Crees, Red Crow and Medicine Calf of the Blockfeet. Poundmaker of the Crees, Red Crow and Medicine Calf of the Blockfeet. their people



Children of Nature

Sitting outside a buffalo skin lodge, decoroted with pictures of battles ond with real scalp-locks, in the early days conversing with on aged native, in answer to numerous questions he gave me the names of twenty-seven kinds of wild fruits in the foothills, explained the various grasses and flowers growing in the vicinity, the names of the inserts on their habits, the birds and animals, and when night fell and the stars came out, he recited their names and instructed me in their movements.

During the winter

Encoy Andrew McKey, of Part Simpson, H.C., belongs to the Isluminean trice and now over turny years service to this credit. Energy Charles Nuction, of Kek, Alaska, belongs to the Thillingst tribe and for Tyuras has been to thorge of the Corps in his notice eillage, of which he is magion.

Blackfeet sprang out of the top of a out exception, has political customs, laws mountain; the Father of some of the of government. a Chief for every band, one Peace Chief over the whole tribe as great fish. The legend of the Calling River in the Qu'Appelle Valley hos had numerous short poems written about it, but is waiting the genius of a great poet to do it justice, as has been done by Mrs. Edgar for the Ottawa legend of the tribe of the marters, a body of police for the manges for the Iroquoian legend of Hiowatha. The migrations of the tribes, relating to their ancestors and original homes, ore still told in the lodges, where the trodition keepers are in ewistence, notable events are preserved by mmemonic records as knotted cords and coup sticks, old tales and songs are reported and sung so knotted cords and coup sticks, old tales and songs are reported and sung sing a savege or illiterate, because of his modes of living ond customs differing from our so-called civilization, but that is o revelation of our own ignorated the promoter of the marrend of the camp. Children of Nature

Sitting outside a buffalo skin lodge decoroted with pictures of battles and with real scalp-locks, in the early days, conversing with on aged native, in answer to numerous questions he gave me the names of twenty-seven kinds of frid fruits in the footbills, explained the various grasses and flowers growing in the outside, there are social extensions and the promote of the marrend of the camp in dispendent of the party and shot some buffalo, b

Winning Them for Chylab

sure a good supply of meat, went ahead of the party and shot some buffalo, but before he had time to skin any of them, the guards went out and seized him, confiscated the animals, and his horses, stripped him of his clothing to his breech-loth, and sent him to the camp in disgroce. The Banda are known among us by the names of the respective Chiefs, as Blackfoot Old Woman's Band, Bull Back Fat's Band, but he Indians do not so designate them, having their own sames as as the Tall Men, Fish Eaters, and Sweaty Feet.

Like oll communities, there are social customs relating to dress, amusements and the use of paint on the person, and what may seem to us as mere ornaments, are regulated by law and habit. No man can paint his face according to a

How he was won to Christ by the faithful dealing and persistent effort of an Officer

A certain Captain in my Division recently visited a small prairie settlement named Togo. It is his practice when visiting such places to call at every house, deal with the people about their souls and pray with them. On the occasion of which I write he entered a hotel where he found a farmer in a very drunken condition, engaged in gambling. He persuaded the man to quit the game, and taking him to a restaurant he ordered strong coffee for him. This partially sobered him and then the Captain took him to his home. Here he had a long and serious conversation with him, warning him that drink and gambling would lead to his ruin and urgambling to repent and be converted.

and be converted.

At night he escorted the man to the little cottage Meeting he was conducting in the village and was overjoyed when he voluntarily came forward to seek salvation. He is proving a splendid convert and will soon be empled as a Solder.

H. Tutte, Staff Captain

A Village Revival

It was a Desperate Outlook at first, but Prayer and Faith Pre-vailed and Victory Came

valled and Victory Came
As a young Officer I was sent to a small
Corps in Newfoundland, which was
eleven miles distant from the nearest
port of call for the little coasting steamer
which afforded the sole connecting link
with the outside world. The population
of the village was about four hundred
and much wickedness abounded. There
was no Officers Quarters, the Soldiers
had all backslidden and the people were
inclined to be unfriendly.

The prospects looked very uninviting.

inclined to be unfriendly.

The prospects looked very uninviting, but I asked the Lord to direct me and set out to find someone who would take me into their home. I came across en old man, the father of the former Sergeant Major of the Corps, who had gone away from the village and after I had talked and prayed with him he said I could have his son's house rent free if I could not raise any money.

I felt sure that God meant me to do a

aise any money.

I felt sure that God meant me to do a cood work in that village and that this ras the first sign of His working. Night fer night I went out alone and preached a the street, and day after day I visited he people and dealt faithfully with them bout their sins.

But I had no meeting place and the conviction grew on me that nothing much could be done until there was a Hall in which the people could gather. I asked

Incident Competition

The three prizes offered for the best incidents have been awarded to Field Major Hoddinott, Ensign Shaw and Captain Stratton

. Company and the second secon

the people if they would bring me logs and give me time to pay for them. They responded well to the appeal, bringing great selegih loads of logs each day until I had enough to build a Hall. Then I got men to volunteer to saw them, raised enough money to pay for some nails and the building operations commenced. When at last the Hall was completed, I stood on my head for joy.

The Hall was completed on the opening.

my head for joy.

The Hall was crowded on the opening night and many were unable to get in. The Meeting concluded with a number at the Penitent Form and every Sunday after that more got saved. When I farewelled there was a flourishing Corps of sixty Soldiers in that village. The remembrance of this victory has always encouraged me to hope for a revival at even the hardest of hard goes.

T. Hoddinott, Field Major

The Fare Wasn't Sumptuous But the Guests were Happy

It was a few days before Christmas and the Captain and Lieutenant of the Corps at B— sat in their Quarters trying to decide on the kind of treat to give the children who came to the Meetings, no matter what the weather, and the winters were long and cold in that part of Canada.

It was the Lieutenant's first Christmas away from home, but she was not cast down, though she had to content herself with a small home-made gift for the loved ones at home.

ones at home.

As the Officers sat by the stove late, that night and counted their slender resources, they planned to give the children a Christmas dinner and present each one with a small gift.

one with a small gift.

They begged some beans, which, nicely cooked and with plenty of good brown bread, made a very appetizing meal. The children came and it did the Officers' bearts good to see how happy and grateful they were. A merrier crowd could hardly be found that night, not even where the fare was more sumptu-

The Lieutenant of those days helped at many a Christmas dinner a then, but never has she been more ble than at the "beanfeast at B—."

A. Sims, (Mrs.) Brigadier.

Cheering an Immigrant "Whose giveth a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose his reward"

captain A—— had stopped over at X—— on her way to a new appointment, and was staying with the Officer in charge of the Social Department. On her way to appointment in the Social Department. On her way upstairs the day after she arrived she saw through a half-open door the figure of a lad seated at a table. One glance was snough to convince her that he was in trouble, such a look of hopeless despair was on his face. Going downstairs, she enquired about him, and found that he had only come to Canada in the spring and had done well until he became ill and was sent to the hospital. The money he had saved soon disappeared in hospital and doctor's fees and be tramped the streets looking for work, but was unsuccessful, He had come to the Army as a last resource and they had given him room.

a room.

The Captain's kind heart was filled with pity and taking a dollar bill from her slender purse, she slipped it into an envelope with a little note of encouragement and cheer, bidding him not to despair, but to trust in God, adding that she would pray for him. Slipping upstairs she pushed the envelope under the door and hurried down again.

and hurried down again.

The next evening as she was leaving for her appointment the Social Officer handed her a letter. Opening it she found it to be a note from the lad, thanking her for her gift and telling her that he had got a job and was starting that day. He finished with, "And may your kind heart bring you great happiness." It did, for what happiness is there to equal the joy of service for others.

Marvaret Stratton

Margaret Stratton Captain

Thwarting the Burglars Happy Outcome of Buttonholing a Man on the Street

Whilst I was conducting Meetings in a was to was conducting investings in a saskatchewan town some time ago a young man, who was attracted by the Open-Air gathering, came to the Hall and yielded to God at the Mercy Seat. He confessed to being a burglar and a pickpocket. I heard that he came regularly to the Meetings for some time after ni pi di paga paga paga paga paga paga

that and to all appearances was getting on well spiritually. Then he left town that and to an appears on well spiritually. The togo towork on a farm

to go to work on a term

When fair time came round I was on a
visit to this town again, and met the
young man on the street. I, of course,
made enquiries as to how he was getting
on in his soul and he confessed that he
had backslid. I saked him to come to
the Meeting and he promised to do so.

the Meeting and he promised to do so. Just before Meeting time he arrived at the Officers' Quarters, where he confessed to the Captain that he and two more had planned to rob a house that night. He said he could not rest after the talk on the street and had resolved to tell the Chief of Police of the intended burglary so that it could be frustrated.

so that it could be frustrated.

The Captain encouraged him in his resolve, so the Chief was duly informed. The man was told to go through with his part in the burglary, police lying in wait to eatch the culprits. The plan worked splendidly, and the two men were safely landed in jail. The ringleader turned out to be an international crook and he got a three year sentence, the other man getting one year.

The man where a committee the safely and the safely are sentenced.

getting one year.

The man whose conscience had troubled him so that he could not do the crime he had contemplated, came to the Army Hall and publicly gave his heart to God. He went back to honest toil on the farm and we believe, to live a life pleasing to God.

R. Shaw, Ensign.

Saved From Crime In the Nick of Time

In the Nick of Time

In the Nick of Time

A young man who was head bookkeeper for a large firm in a city of Eastern
Canada had to give up his position on
account of ill health. His doctor advised
him to change his occupation. He came
West, but failed to get employment and
for several days he walked the streets of
Regina, hungry and despairing. As he
afterwards confessed, he was often tempted to amash a shop window or commit
some other petty crime in order to be
sent to jail, where he would at least be
housed and fed. One night when wandeing about contemplating some such act
he was attracted by a procession of Salvationists. He followed them to the
Citadel. The Commissioner was conducting a special Meeting that night and
among the penitents at the Mercy Seat
was this young man. The Corpe Officer
ascertained his destitute condition and
sent him to the Men's Social, where he
was given a bed and his meals for several
weeks until he found a situation.

He became a Salvationist and his
account of the server of the server of the care of the server of the
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He became a Salvationist and his special delight in Open-Air work and the teaching of the Young People. This is a splendid instance of the close inter-rela-tion of our Field and Social Work.

I. Beatty, Commandant

OUTWARDLY there was little to denote it was the Christmas season. The trees were as green as the greenest tree in aummer, and King Sol did not depart from his usual habit of ninety-four degrees in the shade because it was December 25th. The stores had made their display of toys and goods for St. Nicholas Eve. December 5th, which event is especially commemorated by Holland people (Java is part of the Dutch Indies Territory), so by the 25th our accustomed date, the shop windows failed as reminders.

In soite of the absence of these usual

In spite of the absence of these usual Christmas evidences, the feeing was with us, and we were determined to have a proper Yuletide.

First we went to the store people and Then there was the dressing of the large placed for money or goods so that we chirt make the immates of our various vitutions happy. I went with a Nor-christmas Eve, our work all done, we have a former eye patient. Christmas Eve, our work all done, we have a former eye patient.

district. My first question was, "Do you speak English?" The answer was usually "No," often accompanied by a smile which is half the battle won when out collecting. The Captain would then sak in Malay (she had been bere six years), and I would contribute a few dumb motions, pointing to what we wanted. The storekeepers responded very well, and we had to get two coolies to carry the things.

After the collecting came the shopping. This was quite a business, for we had to buy a suitable piece of clothing for each of the Hospital patients.

Two days before Christmas the Sisters wrapped and addressed the parcels. Then there was the dressing of the large Christmas tree given to us by a converted Chinese lady who was a former eye patient.

social gathering. We were surely a representative group— English, Scotch, Australian, Norwegian, German, Swedish, Dutch, American and Javanese. There was no difficulty in believing it was Christmas when the steaming plum pudding was brought in.

brought in.

Christmas morning we were at the European prison by 7 a.m. A special favor had been granted the men awaiting trial, so we were allowed to have a Meeting with them. When we entered the courtyard, instead of finding men in prison garh, seventeen well-dressed men rose to meet us. At the conclusion of the Bible-reading I asked those who would like to live a new life to raise their hands. Up shot the seventeen like one man. Up shot the seventeen like one man this sorry group wept; it was indeed a touching sight. They were very grateful for the Bible or Scripture calendar we gave to each.

Two of the young men hailed from New

we gave to each.

Two of the young men hailed from New York. Under the influence of drink they had taken a lady's suit-case from an hotel, and were awaiting their trial. They promised, when released, to come and visit us at the Hospital.

Immediately following this Meeting we went into the chapel where the regular prison services were held. This had been tastefully decorated by the prisoners with garlands and flowers in honor of our visit. We found a singing company had been formed of about thirty men prisoners, and

a special song sheet had been printed. At the close of a very impressive service we gave each man a Scripture calendar. The 26th was our big day with the patients. Poor things! They groed their way to the Hall where we hold the Meetings and their joy was expressed in loud scheers when the Christmas-tree was lighted. Then followed a special nativerneal on banana leaves. When the Officars ast on the floor and are with them in native style they gave another cheer. Stroop and fruit was followed by the appearance of Santa Claus; this was the signal for another outburst of cheering which could be heard quite a distance away. Santa Claus was very kind and gave each patient a sarong, berdgear, or jacket. (I am sure the Ensign must have been glad to get out of that warm costume!) How acceptable the presents were can well be imagined, for many of the patients had only the clothes they were wearing when they came to us. Next day we gave a feast to the children, who numbered about thirty. Santa Claus gave them toys and clothes as well. Then we had a feast for the workers (native servants and coolies), after which we had singing and the story of Christmas.

At the Beggar Colony some three hundred beggars were given a feast and useful articles of clothing. Major Giebler, from Eandoeng, was invited as their "Special."

Many of the things marking former Christmasses were missed by us, but we did find real pleasure and joy in the effort to bring happiness to others.

A STATE OF THE STA

cember 26, 1925

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THERE is nothing esting in the entre to an Army Meet it be well started and in full swing. But commonplace and the linked stories that me was the case on a cert when an Officer who wing in a Western Can from the platform to tas the swinging doors a moment the straines of a well dressed man. Had Seen th

Had Seen the The face withdrew appeared and the in undoubtedly passed the door-keeper, who Hall. Apparently he stranger and had gon The Meeting continuistic Salvation Army interruption was alma few moments the decompanied by the announcements are leader of the Meeting, like to testify." As then the stranger steam't say I am convering in a low voice, your Meeting has do good. I really nee hastened to assure his financial help, and his of good. I really need hastened to assure his financial help, and his words, sat down. It words, sat down. It that the speaker had although fairly well bout was in a tet Clean and tidy in a spoken, he carried h superiority notwithst How sympathetic e Salvationist's face re to immediately knee him.

Stayed B The ever alert doc v his side. Soon by his side. Soon prayer came, expectancy, of manifested, but the yield. Eventually but the door-keeper man and, pushing crowd presented his brother," his of memiles and look the Officer could wo or at any rate could to the entire satis present. "Alight friend into the off moment.

"Captain, I've m were the words the immediately he en the door.

"Well that's unfo we do to help," rep "Can you do me man.

This request wa and with so much immediately reject for an instant had c replied, "Yes, I with

"Then, I'd like y of wires for me, I and don't feel abl

Will W

While this conv stranger held his his stood to his feet as stood to his feet as this action to meas to a telegraph office the other's exit by a few minutes unit and a few necessa adding that he we pany the man an were properly dis-tain," and the strail. I'm staying at the

pearances was getting. Then he left town

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e promised to do so. ting time he arrived at ms, where he confessed the and two more had house that night. He coat after the talk or rest after the talk or i resolved to tell the the intended burglary the frustrated.

couraged him in his of was duly informed. or was duly informed, to go through with his y, police lying in wait is. The plan worked two men were safely tringleader turned out nal crook and he got ence, the other man

nacience had troubled I not do the crime he came to the Army ave his heart to God-nest toil on the farm live a life pleasing to

. Shaw, Ensign

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lvationist and his in-Air work and the People. This is a the close inter-relational Work.

ty, Commandant **形形测测器**

had been printed.

impressive service inpute calendar. big day with the They groped their we hold the Meet-expressed in loud instantanters was a special native. When the Officate with them in another cheer. followed by the aust this was the burst of cheering quite a distance as very kind and one; headgear, or another they were than the warm costing must have it hat warm costing must have it hat warm cost the presents were for many of the lothes they were no to us. Next he children, who r. Santa Claus cas well. Then workers (native er which we had hristmas, some three huna fasiar and use. Major Giebler, wited as their wire with which a fasiar and use.

marking former by us, but we joy in the effort

What Took Place in Room

An Officer's Memorable Experience.—By Ensign Geo. Mundy

A TOTAL PARTIES AND TOTAL PORTOTO TO THE PARTIES AND TOTAL PARTIES AND THE PAR HERE is nothing particularly inter-THERE is nothing particularly interseting in the entrance of a stranger
to an Army Meeting, not even when
it is well started and the testimonies are
in full swing. But sometimes to the
commonplace and the unexpected are
linked stories that make history. Such
was the case on a certain Thuraday night
when an Officer who was leading a Meeting in a Western Canadian city glanced
from the platform to the rear of the Hall
as the swinging doors parted to reveal for
a moment the strained and nervous face
of a well dressed man.

Had Sean the Stranger

December 26, 1925

Stayed By His Side

The ever alert door-keeper stayed right by his side. Soon the opportunity for prayer came, earnestness, power, happiness, expectancy, sorrow and faith were manifested, but the stranger would not yield. Eventually the Meeting closed, but the door-keeper still held on to his man and, pushing his way through the crowd presented him to the Officer with the words, "ere Captin, ave a tawk with brother," his cockney face wreathed in smiles and looking as if he believed in smiles and looking as if he believed to the entire astifaction of everybedy present, "Alright Brother, show our friend into the office, I'll be there in a moment.

city's finest hotel, "Room 112, and if and taking his eyes from the ceiling, ugly slit in the top of the bag which you'll promise to come I'll go right over looked squarely at the Officer. "Of extended almost from end to end. course this message is strictly confidential course this message is strictly confidential and the officer. "That course the manulation of the officer of the property of the original of the officer of the original original



Lying on His Back, Arms Under His Head and Staring at the Ceiling, He Commenced Giving the Message,

lighted up at that hour of the night and toward this door the Officer made his way and knocked.

Was Lying in Bed

but the door-keeper still held on to his man and, pushing his way through the crowd presented him to the Officer with the words. "ere Captin, "ave a tawk with the words. "ere Captin, are a tawk with the words. "ere Captin, are a tawk with the words. "ere Captin, are a tawk with the brother," his cockney face wreathed in milies and looking as if he believed the Officer could work the needed miracle. The control of the office, at any rate could "fix up" the stranger to the entire satisfaction of everybody present. "Alright Brother. show our present. "Alright Brother. show our present and had closed in the office, I'll be there in a moment.

"Captain, I've made a fool of myself," were the words that greeted the Officer. "Can you do me a favor," returned the door.

"Well that's unfortunate, but what can we do to help," replied the Officer. "Can you do me a favor," returned the man.

This request was made so earnestly and with so much feeling that the Officer immediately rejected a suspicion which for an instant had erept into his mind, and for his man.

Will Wait at Hotel

While this conversation went on, the stranger held his hat in his hand and now stood to his feet as if to so. Interpreting this action to mean an immediate journey to a telegraph office, the Officer ifferrupted the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the Hall was eleared the other's exit by suggesting that he wait a few minutes until the H

"Now read that Captain," and almost before the Officer commenced, he kicked off all the bedclothes and jumped out onto the floor. The first time he did this the Officer sat upright with a start and followed the movements of the man, who picked up a pill from a table in the corner of the room, hastily swallowed it and jumped back into bed pulling the bedclothes over himself with one jerk."

"Just some pills for my nerves Captain," he offered as an explanation of his erratic movements.

"Go on, if you please Captain, read what you've got," and for a few momenta he lay quite still staring at the ceiling while the message was slowly read.

"Is that good sense?" he asked, and upon being assured of its grammatical correctness, continued to give the message until the telegram was finished.

"Now another one Captain, not so long as the last." This message was given slowly and deliberately, read and re-read, finally it was finished to his

A Strange Story

The telegrams scarcely finished, the man put the question, "Would you like to hear a strange story Captain?"

"Well, yes, if you'd like me to hear it,"

"Then have a look at that club-bag."

Sitting up in bed he pointed to a large black bag at the foot by the wall. Glancing at it hurriedly and seeing nothing par-ticularly interesting in a black club-bag, the Officer thought the man meant him to look into it, in fact, put the question, walking over to it as he spoke.

"Yes, you may if you want to," answered the man. But this was not necessary, for the Officer was examining a long

looks like knife work."

"That's just what it is," remarked the man, "I'll tell you how it happened."
He had just commenced telling of parting with his wife in an Eastern city to start west on a business tour, when he stopped abruptly, off went the bedclothes again and out on the floor and over to the stack of pills on the little table went the man. He swallowed one as if he were used to it, drank some water, lighted a cigarette, then jumped back into bed in the same old position.

Met Friendly Standard.

Met Friendly Stranger

Met Friendly Stranger

"Well, as I was saying, I left home with the very best intentions of making this rip a successful one from a standpoint of business. In W—I put up at a Hotel and happened to meet a fellow there who was a complete stranger to me. He was particularly friendly and somehow or other I took a liking to him. We had a few drinks together, just enough to make us both feel good. We made frequent trips to my room during the day and during one of these visits my acquaintance suggested that he sleep with me that night, there being two beds in the room. I was beginning to like the fellow more all the time, and to tell the truth was secretly glad at the thought of bim sharing my room, although I did think it best to remove a roll of bills from my club-beg and have them safely stowed away in the hotel safe. When this was done I felt more at ease and gave him free access to the room. In the evening he suggested that we have dinner together, I agreed and was determined to foot the bill and with this idea in mind requested my money back from the clerk. I really didn't intend taking the whole amount back, just enough for the dinner and a little extra for drinks, etc., but when I saw it before me the desire to have it in my possession got the better of me, with the result that I carried it back again to the club-bag in my room upstairs.

Very Talkative

Very Talkative

"I was alone when I did this, or at least I thought I was. Coming downstairs again, I met my friend at the foot. He appeared delighted to see me and suggested that we eat right away. At the dinner table we affected to be very chummy and there is no doubt we were very talkative." Then he added with a look of complete disguet, "the whiskey made fools of us both."

It was late in the evening when we

made fools of us both."

It was late in the evening when we went to bed. My room-mate appeared to go to sleep very quickly and it wasn't long before I dozed off. Just how long after I don't know, but I remember waking up with the idea that someone was moving about the room. The room was in darkness and I could see nobody. Switching on the light I instinctively looked toward the other bed and to my great surprise my companion was not Switching on the light I instinctively looked toward the other bed and to my great surprise my companion was not there. Thinking he had suddenly decided to part empany with me and go his own way I tried to diamins the thought from my mind, turned off the light, climbed back into bed noticing as I did so, that my club-bag was at the foot of the bed, apparently as I had left it. After what seemed to me to be about fifteen minutes of alternate dozing and waking I thought I heard a sound in the room. Was I dreaming or was it the effect of the whiskey? Scarcely daring to breathe I lay perfectly still. My room-mate, where was he? Was he at that moment in the room? Then I thought of the money in my club-bag. With the idea of making sure, I jumped out of bed, and as I did so, the bedroom door clicked shut. Quicker than I can tell you Captain, I switched on the lights and thought of following the person who had evidently shut my door so quickly, but instead, I stood staring at the bag—

(Continued on page 20)

(Continued on page 20)

(Continued from page 19)

it was slit from end to end and as I plunged my hand in to feel for the roll of bills I realised I had been robbed, the

Had Seen No One

Had Seen No One

"Believe me I went down the stairs two at a time to the hotel clerk, but he had seen no one come down. Together we searched the place, but to no avail. There was nothing else to do but call the police. The clerk did this while I went back to my room and put on some more clothes. The police were there in a few minutes and took me along with them to a taxi stand across from the hotel. The Sergt, put a few questions to the men tanding there and before I knew what was happening they had me in their car and away we raced, and racing it was. We went so fast I thought we'd break our necks for sure. There went'r many cars around at that hour of the night, but we could see one ahead of us on a bridge. The plain slothes man at the wheel stepped on the gas and in no time we were alongside and had crowded it into the gutter. Sure enough my new were alongside and had crowded it into the gutter. Sure enough my new ound companion was in the car. He feigned innocence but he couldn't get away with it for they found the money on him. Well, the result of it all was that they kept me in the city until after the trial and my room-mate was sent down for six months. I took the first train West. I had been drinking the whole time since the robbery and the time I left the city. There was no sleep for me on the train that night. I was awfully sick and walked the coach best part of the night. The porter inquired if I was sick. I told him I was, and would give him a hundred dollars if he would get me some whiskey. How I do know I asked the first man I met at the Depot here this morning, where I could get some whiskey. He took me his home and cave me some but I got through that night I don't know, but I do know I saked the first man I met at the Depot here this morning, where I could get some whiskey. He took me to his home and gave me some, but I couldn't eat the breakfast he set before me and to tell the truth Captain, I've had nothing since, in fact, don't want a thing to eat and my nerves are in bad shape too. How do I look Captain? he asked, turning in the bed and looking intently as if half expecting a favorable reply. It was evident he felt the situation keenly.

Anxious to Help Him

Anxious to Help Him

Anxious to Help Him

"Well, your eyes are rather heavy my
friend, but a night's rest will work wonders
I'm sure." replied the Officer. Almost
before he had finished speaking, the man
was out of the bed and had taken another
pill. His story was nearly finished. The
listener was anxious, very anxious to help
him and at the moment put a question to
him that had been uppermost in his
mind all the time, "Now tell me Mr.—
why did you seek out the Army tonight?" NAMES AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

With a searching look he replied, "Well, in a way I really don't know, but I never thought for a moment of going anywhere clase."

"Well how was it you came to the Meeting?"



He Feigned Inno nce but couldn't Get Away With It

"The last time was when my mother took me. I was just a boy then, in the city of Toronto. It would have been better for me if I had always gore where she went," he added thoughtfully.

"Is she still alive?" He shook his head, his eyes filled quickly with tears, he made no effort to hide them, but went on speak-

ing.

"She believed in me, the family were all at her bedside when she went, they told me afterwards that her last worden were. "Tell Jim I know he will be alright." You know Captain, she seemed to have faith in me. "Then he stopped for a moment and lay quite still. The Officer was praying carnestly for wisdom, for the right words. How helpless he felt.

vation Army. Well, I wandered down if you can't help me, if there's no way to the street in a vague kind of way, not win, I must sink and be lost." He lay knowing where to go. Some chap told back in bed very quiet and still after me where the Hall was and that is how the I came to look in at the door."

"Was that your first visit to an Army Meeting?" asked the Officer.

"The last time was when my mother took me., I was just a boy then, in the at this very moment."

"Can He though?" came the question carnestly.

"Yes," went on the Officer, "His Word says, "he that confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy."
"Well then," began the man, "What must I do, what must I do?"
"Will you pray?" asked the Officer.

There was a mental struggle with pride

yes, I will Captain," and he looked at Officer as if expecting some instruc-

"Then let us kneel down together," and suiting the action to the word, the Officer

promptly knelt at the side of the bed. Without another word the man was out and kneeling at the other side, his face buried in his arms.

buried in his arms.

There have been a great many Prayer Meetings held under unique circumatances. Times when God came in mighty power to the weakest of His creatures and made them strong, and here in the bedroom of a fashionable hotel two men were praying. Down below in the atreet a few stragglers bent their steps homeward, street cars rattled noisily over the points, automobiles sped swiftly along, a clock in a tower chimed out the morning hours—up above in the shotel room a man was sobbing quietly, then he would lift his head and stare across the room. Dropping his head again he would cry. "Oh God forgive and help me, for Christ's sake, for Christ's sake."

for Christ's sake."

The Captain had prayed several times, it seemed that to do anything else but pray would have been sacriligious, so sacred was the place and occasion. Suddenly, the man rose to his feet. "Captain," he said, his voice was strong now, he seemed to have become settled in his mind, "I'll go through with this." The Captain was going to speak, but he broke in. "I've tried before, but not this way, and I'll ask you to pray for me sometimes, for I shall need your prayers."

As he said this, the old look of dread crept into his face for just a second, he was thinking of the terrible fights of the past.

Strangely Quiet and Restful

Strangely Quiet and Resttul
A few minutes later the Officer turned
out all the lights in the room but one.
straightened out the bedelothes in a half
elumsy effort to be motherly and bent
over the man, the new man, a man
strangely quiet and restful, a man who
seemed to have emerged from a terrible
struggle, something that had taken all
his strength, and to have conquered.

"Goodnight Mr. — God bless you." he said, then walking to the door stood there, cap in hand, looking towards the

"Goodnight Captain, thanks ever so much," and then as he suddenly remem-bered. "you won't forget to send those wires for me."

The clock in the hotel rotunda pointed to 2.30 a.m. The Captain remembered glancing at it when he first entered the hotel on his way to room 112. It was then 10.15. he had been upstairs more than four hours, yet how quickly the time had gone.

time had gone.

A few moments later and the messages were being flashed over the wires, but long before they reached their destination. a message of a much different character had been carried by the angels to the skies. The joyful announcement that a wanderer had come home, a sinner had repented. All the way home the Army Captain was asking himself the question, "Why the Army?" and yet he couldn't help feel that he was beginning to understand, WHY.

ARMY TRIUMPHS IN **SWEDEN**

(Continued from page 16)

(Continued from page 16)
deaf, dumb and blind was started and
thirty Officers are now engaged in this
blessed work which is carried on in
eight various Districts, with one Deaf
and Dumb Officer in each District. For
a number of years the work has been supported by the Deaf, Dumb and Blind
Society, each one of the members paying
a quarterly fee of one crown. This
branch of the work also publishes a paper,
"Effsta." with a circulation of 7,200
eopies a quarter.

The work among the Lappe and other inhabitants in Jamtland, Harjedalen and the mountain districts, commenced in 1897 and has been a great spiritual bless-

The Young People's operations are developing. Company Meetings are organized at every Corps and about 26,000 children are registered. In the Young People's Work in Sweden are about 5,000 Junior Soldiers, 1,200 Corps Cadets, 1,300 Life Saving Scouts, 160 Life Saving Guards and 160 Chums and about 2,000 Company Leaders and Local Officers. The Young People's Work publishes two papers, "Den Unge Soldaten," a weekly paper with special regard to the younger

children and "Korsfanan." aiming to be "the older children's" paper, and which is published once a month.

published once a month.

The Salvation Army in Sweden has had the great privilege of sending a considerable number of Officers to other countries. During 1891, six Officers went to India, five to Finland and two to South America At a big Missionary Meeting in the beginning of the year 1914, the General set apart fifty Officers for foreign warfare. Swedish Officers are now working in the following countries: Norway, Finland, Germany, Great Britain, Canada, the United States, Brazil, Korea, South America, India, Ceylon, China and Dutch East Indies.

Through the statements here made

East Indies.

Through the statements here made about the Army in Sweden, which, so far as its population is concerned, is a small country, it is clear, that the operations of the Salvation Army during a period of about forty years have shown a steady and remerkable development. The great victories won in the "War" are the work of the Lord. He has been faithful to His people and carried His Soldiers triumphantly to victory. But the Officers, who have consecrated themselves to the holy "War". have also in a high respect done their part in fighting the enemy. They have in all circumstances been true to the colors, through hardships, persecution and suffering.

《松松水杨桃杨桃桃桃桃桃桃桃桃 On that path the Salvation Army shall also in the future fight against the powers of darkness, restoring the Kingdom of God and bringing blessing to the people.

The Dance Collapsed Bold Tactics of Australian Salva-tionists Win the Day

tionists Win the Day

Boldness in attacking the foe is an undisputed heritage of the Salvationist.
Wherever you go you will find men and women of the Blood and Fire spirit who amaze the world, thwart the devil and bring glory to the name of God by their holy "carry-all-before-them" front-line advances.

ine advances.

A party of Salvationists were conducting Meetings at different outlying villages in a certain district of the Australian bush country, when, while pushing their wny on to the next Station, they suddenly happened on a dance in full swing in a small bush town.

small bush town.
Retreat did not occur to the attacking
Salvationists, and there was no room for a
dance and Salvation Meeting at the same
time. Advance was the only possible
solution to the situation and this they
did—to the utter rout of the foe. With
the striking up of the first Army song the
dance collapsed and the Salvationist
crusaders won the day.

A Mountain Tragedy And the Vow to God which led to Salvation Service

And the Vow to God which led to Salvation Service and Alpine mountain-cering seem subjects as wide apart as the poles. In one instance at least there was a close connection. A Swiss lady, accompanied by a gentleman friend, set out one sunny morning to climb a mountain in the Alps. Tha trail was perilous in the extreme and the seekers after this particular form of pleasure were confronted with dangerous cracks in the glacier.

Suddenly the lady's compension missed his footing and wildly clutching at jagged fragments of ice, burtled from crag to crag until his body was dashed to the depths of the crevice below. The state of the survivor may well be imagined and in terrible distress she knelt just where she was and prayed for several hours. She promised if she was spared she would give her life to God in the Salvation Army.

With the utmost difficulty she made her way down the tortuous trails to the foot of the mountain, but safety was reached at last and she found her way back to the place where she was ataying. Not long after this distressing event a seeker knelt at the Penitent Form in a cortain Army Corps. It was the lady mountainser of our story, she had come to pay her vow to God.

**** The old man

10 TO TO THE

ber 26, 1925

BRR BR.R. The in an Officer's Quarter to you noon, dinner to officer of the officer, and the officer of the officer, and the stous woice crouver, and we the familiar "Hell satious woice conjured." Yes." (cannot be the familiar "Hell satious woice conjured. "Yes." ("An and "Hell this is "P" man beer your band plays sight. Old Dad "Is i Doctor says he is going for you, you'd better co kim and make it snapp is. "Right air! I'll."



the Officer grabbed out into the streets 'ing his wife. In a fi himself being direct stairs and along an then the manager poi and said, "You'll fit there."

A Dark and Opening the door e Officer found hi even darker than and in a bed, proppe an old bearded man and the harded mar an old bearded mar since turned grey 'no properties and the bedside the Offiquietly said 'Well you this way. I me to see you, who "Ah! that'a it," rep a shake of his sadd see you alright lad I'm all in and as only fellow that every officer recalled the he had so often a Dpen-Air service. he had so often a Open-Air service, tien to the Meetin speaking to him a street. Just a wo Bless you, that was further than the touched his heart, church since the di choice to the alts ervice had been

omptly knelt at the side of the bed. ithout another word the man was out d kneeling at the other side, his face ried in his arms.

or amening at the other side, his face ried in his arms.

There have been a great many Prayer settings held under unique circumstances, mes when God came in mighty power the weakest of His creatures and made an strong, and here in the bedroom of ashionable hotel two men were praying, with the street care and the street care and the street care the decided noisily over the points, automosa sped swiftly along, a clock in a rer chimed out the morning hours—above in the hotel room a man was bing quietly, then he would lift his dand stare across the room. Dropping head again he would cry. Oh God ive and help me, for Christ's aske.

Christ's sake.

Christ's sake.

the Captain had prayed several times, seemed that to do anything else but would have been sacriligious, so ed was the place and occasion. The said, his voice was strong now, we see the said, his voice was strong now, we see the said, his voice was strong now, we see the said, his voice was strong now, we see the said his voice was strong now seemed to have become settled in his 1, "I'll go through with this." The tain was go'i to speak, but he e in. "I've tried before, but not this and I'll ask you to pray for me times, for I shall need your prayers." the said this, the old look of dread into his face for just a second, he thinking of the terrible fights of the

Strangely Quiet and Restful

few minutes later the Officer turned all the lights in the room but one, then do not be to be delothes in a half by effort to be motherly and bent the man, the new man, a man eyle quiet and restful, a man who do to have emerged from a terrible lee, something that had taken all rength, and to have conquered.

podnight Mr. — God bless you,"
d, then walking to the door stood
cap in hand, looking towards the

odnight Captain, thanks ever so and then as he suddenly remem-you won't forget to send those or me."

clock in the hotel rotunda pointed 0 a.m. The Captain remembered is at it when he first entered the in his way to room 112. It was 0.15, he had been upstairs more our hours, yet how quickly the ad gone.

and gone, we moments later and the messages eing flashed over the wires, but fore they reached their destination, age of a much different character en carried by the angels to the The joyful announcement that a er had come home, a sinner had come home, a sinner had d. All the way home the Army was asking himself the queetion, the Army?" and yet he couldn't I that he was beginning to under-WHY.

Mountain Tragedy he Vow to God which led to Salvation Service

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Snatched from the brink of

The old man whom an Officer was called to visit was a pitiable object and had a terrible confession to make, but peace came to his soul ere his eyes closed in death

By Adjutant Tom Mundu NATIONAL PROPERTY OF THE PROPE

BRRR BR-RR. The telephone spoke in an Officer's Quarters. It was Sunter of the Market of the Market

up a chair to the bedside he silently waited. A few moments passed, it seemed longer—old Dad "C" was thinking. He could travel a long way back. He had been born in 1849 in a little frontier town in the Southern States, he had spent a rough boyhood, all he remembered was drink, fights, horse stealing, lynching, and very little, if any, schooling, a very vague remembrance he had of home influence. A sigh escaped from his lips, then, turning his weary eyes upon the Officer he commenced: "I had a poor start in life, remember little about parents, as a young man I went wild, I rustled eattle and went from bad to worse. Came across my old father when I was about twenty, found him ill in bed, that night he asked me to sleep with him and during the night pleaded for a drink of water, I was drunk and I kicked him out of bed on the floor." He paused as though he was living through

There Was Gambling, a Fight, Gunplay,

A Dark and Tiny Room

Opening the door and softly entering, the Officer found himself in a tiny room, seen darker than the passage without, and in a bed, propped up with pillows was an old bearded man whose hair had long since turned grey with the cares of his long pilgrimage since 1849. Approaching the bedside the Officer stooped down and quietly said "Well Dad, I'm sorry to see you this way, I understand you wished me to see you, what can I do for you?" Alt that sit, "replied the aged man with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to see you alight lad, the Doctor tells me I'm all in' and as you seemed to be the only fellow that ever passed me a cheery word on the street, I thought you would'nt mind me troubling you." Then the Officer recalled the picture of the old man he had so often seen standing near the Open-Air service, paying unusual attention to the Meeting and also remembered speaking to him as he passed along the street. Just a word, a smile, and Golless you, that was all, but it had reached further than the old man's eara, it had touched his heart. He had never entered church since the day he led the girl of his holice to the altar—the Army Open-Air holice to the altar—the Army Open-Air service had been his place of worship.

The Officer could plainly see that the sold man was eager to speak, so drawing

the Officer grabbed his cap and passed out into the streets without even informing his wife. In a few minutes he found himself being directed up the creaking stairs and along an ill-lighted passage: into the manager pointed to the end room and said. "You'll find the old fellow in there."

A Dark and Tiny Room

Opening the door and softly entering, the Officer found himself in a tiny room, even darker than the passage without, and in a bed, propped up with pillows was an old bearded man whose hair had long since turned grey with the cares of his long pilgrimage since 1849. Approaching the bedside the Officer stopped down and quietly said "Well Dad. I'm sorry to see you this way, I understand you wished me to see you, what can I do for you?"

All that is it," replied the aged man with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to expect the proposed with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to expect the proposed with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to expect the proposed with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to expect the proposed with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to expect the proposed with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to see you alright lad, the Doctor tells me the proposed with a shake of his saddened face, "I want to see you alright lad, the Doctor tells me the proposed with a sall in and as you seemed to be the more than all in and as you seemed to be the more than all in and as you seemed to be the more than all in and as you seemed to be the more than all in and as you seemed to be the more than all in and as you seemed to be the more than and in the proposed with a surface to face with a surface

Gambling and Gunplay
"I have killed men in my day." he added.
"It was in the early days when things were
wild, away down in the town of E in the
States. There was gambling, a fight,
gunplay, then I fled, crossed the border
into Canada, and travelled northForty miles from here I homesteaded and
during the past forty years I have lived
the live of a haunted man. No one else
was accused for my crime, they could
not, or did not want to find me. Then a
week ago I was taken sick, the Doctor
came and I heard him say, 'He's all in
Boss, he'll never get out of that bed alive?
Since then I have lived all the past again
I've seen it all and the more I've thought
of it the more certain I feel that God
cannot forgive me, it may be alright for
you folks, but not for the likes of me."
The heavy breathing told of the strain

you folks, but not for the likes of me."

The heavy breathing told of the strain this confession had been upon him. The little room became darker as the evening shades covered the earth without. It seemed as though the very imps of Hell were there to torment this dying man and bring before him as a penorama his guilty past. The Officer drew his handkerchief and wiped his perspiring brow. What an experience! Alone in that little dark room with a self-confessed murderer, "OI God what can I tell him?" he thought.

Strains of Music

Strains of Music
Through the stillness of the Sabbath
evening came the peal of the church bells
calling their members to worship; but a
sound caught the ears of both the Officer
and his dying friend, it was the beat of the
Army drum and the strains of an old
hymn played by a few faithful Soldiers in
a near-by street. The music brought
hope, and hope restored faith, then from

Already the shadows of the evening were stealing across the sky, and with the gathering darkness, the little room became the darker still, and it seemed as though the darkness the little room became the darker still, and it seemed as though the darkness which could be felt" into the heart of this agad sufficient strength for this moment he turned again his eyes on the Officer and saked, "Can God forgive a murderer?" These unexpected words burned themselves into the very heart of the Officer, a shudder passed over him, he had not expected this. Many a strange position he had been in during the past few years, but never had he faced a man like this. Officer, and should have been in during the past few years, but never had he faced a man like this. Cambling and Gunplay. "I have killed men in my day," he added. "It was in the early days when things were wild, away down in the town of 'E' in the States. There was gambling, a fight, gunplay, then I fled, crossed the border mot Canada, and travelled north. Forty miles from here I homesteaded and during the past forty years I have lived the live of a haunted man. No one also was accused for my crime, they could for the sould have found the Officer and the states. There was gambling, a fight, gunplay, then I fled, crossed the border mot Canada, and travelled north. Forty miles from here I homesteaded and during the past forty years I have lived the live of a haunted man. No one also was accused for my crime, they could man for the first of the more certain I feel that God cannot forgive me, it may be alright for two believe it?" entreated the were veal his past as the sands of life were row folks, but not for the likes of me."

"Day and the Ensign drew a well-word the history and the more certain I feel that God cannot forgive me, it may be alright for you folks, but not for the likes of me."

"Day and the even the surface of the first of the condition of the like of me."

"Day and the even down the even down the like of the me."

"I have killed men in my day, "he said

He Waits to Forgive

He Waits to Forgive

"Dad, won't you believe it?" entreated to Officer, "He died for you, and waits to forgive and forget." Gradually over that sin-scarred face passed a different expression. The "Silent Witness" to this strange scene was making His gracious presence felt, and the faint light of Hope was beginning to dawn along the black skyline of the "almost" best soul. Weary and spent with the extra exertion, the aged man closed his eyes, but his lips were moving. Nearer the Officer stooped and just then, the eyes opened and a voice faint and faltering exclaimed, "I see it. Cap. I believe it. He died for met." As a little child he has passed out of the land of sin's condemnation into the peaceful habitation of trust. Over his tired face must the expression of peace and his restrict breathing told the Officer passed, no longer questioning the man's Salvatice that he had fallen asleep. Out of the room, into the gathering night the Officer passed, no longer questioning the man's Salvatice He had been saved! The assurance of the Saviour's presence had been very real. Christ had triumphed! The Tempta Had lost his servant of so many years.

In the early hours of the following morning the telephone spoke again in that



"Cap, I believe it. He Died for Me."

Jennie? I ain't never handled kids—how can I keep him?" Again he paused—thinking and thinking—until again a sound broke the stillness. It was his own voice, once more repeating—"unto us a son is given—"

Suddenly he straightened and his eyes flashed. "J'll do it, by cracky, I'll keep him, by—." This time he was sure that the gray eyes had smiled into his own.
"Don't know how I'll for it, but I will."

smucd into his own.
"Don't know how I'll fix it, but I will, somehow. What you say goes with me, Jennie. Always did, old girl—getting too old to have my own way now. Besides his name's John James—John James, Junior—sounds pretty good to me, by cracky!"

me, by cracky!

Unaccustomed hands attended to the needs of John James, Junior, that Christmas night. He occupied the Sergeant-Major's bed, while John James, Senior, snatched a few hours of broken sleep in

The Song Stopped

The Song Stopped

The Christmas morning service at the Williamsport Corps did not run according to schedule. The first song was interrupted by the Sergeant-Major, who walked to the front seat with a baby in his arms. The Captain signalled to the Lieutenant to keep the singing going while he stepped to the side of the somewhat pitiful but very determined figure. But it was no use—the song just naturally stopped.

"Want you to dedicate this beby Con-

"Want you to dedicate this baby, Cap-n," said John James, Senior.

"Why, er—certainly, Sergeant-Major," said the astonished Captain—"but whose baby is he?"

He's mine!"

Consternation reigned! Widow Fain started forward, but drew back at the look in the Sergeant-Major's eyes.

"I found him on my doorstep last night, and I'm going to keep him. His name is John James, Junior."

"But Sergeant-Major," said the Cap-tain, puzzled and distressed—"you can't

"SHE said to keep him," was the stern ply, "and what SHE says goes."

Everyone recognized the finality of the

"Make out the certificate 'John James, Junior' until I can add 'Thomas' to it, which will be just as soon as Lawyer Grant can fix the papers."

Thus the advent of John James, Junior How Widow Fain and the League of Mercy mothered the child—how the Corps adopted him as their own particular property—the untiring delight and devotion of the Sergeant-Major are only incidental to our story, although by no means incidental to the process of 'raisin' John James, Junior. The Thomas Lumber Company had a new significance for its president.

its president.

"Someone to leave it to, now," he exulted, as he surveyed the ever-increasing piles of hardwood and crossties. The Christmas Eve tryst with Jennie was kept as faithfully as before, but by two instead of one. The kindly face and the gray eyes over the mantle played a tremendous part in the life of the growing lad. As he emerged, as most boys do, into Grade School days, a new problem faced the Sergeant-Major.

A High School Needed

A High School Needed
"We need a High School in this town,
badly," he reasoned. "Want to keep the
boy around here as long as possible.
He'll get away to college soon enough."
which is the reason why the Williamsport
High School was erected, and why so
much of the material was donated by the
president of the Williamsport Lumber
Company.

With the passing of the years, the future of John James, Junior, was a constantly recurring question in the mind of the Sergeant-Major.

mind of the Sergeant-Major.

"Getting pretty old, now," he mused, as he sat in his office at the lumber company, staring out of the west window from which he could see the corner of the new High School building. "The boy will be going to college next year. Like him to sit in my chair when I'm through but he's got to make his own decision—a led ain't raised right who can't make his own decisions."

JAMES, JUNIOR

(Continued from page 2)

The Christmas season separated the close of the high school term at which John James, Junior, graduated, and the commencement of the New Year term at the — State University at Alexis. Christmas Eve found father and son keep-Christmas Eve found father and son keeping tryst by the light of the blazing logs,
and the glow of an unseen, but very real
presence. Once more the year had been
faithfully reviewed—once more the gray
eyes over the mantle had smiled encouragement and trust. The Book had
been opened and read, and a long silence
had filled the room, to be broken at
length by the Sergeant-Major who inouitred.

"Into the future, eh. What—" but the old man stopped, for it was the boy's eyes that were now fastened upon the picture. . . .

The college years sped rapidly by, and gryat by the light of the blazing loge, at the glow of an unseen, but very real reseance. Once more the year had because the year had because the mantle had smiled en ouragement and trust. The Book had seen opened and read, and a long siled when the recome, to be broken at night by the Sergeant-Major who in the service of the

doctor of its own, by cracky!

Never had the gray eyes over the mantle smiled so lovingly as on the Christmass Eve when the Sergeant-Major kept his first tryst with Jennie and "Doctor Jack."

"Can't help feeling some proud of you, son." His voice had broken one of those long silences which seemed so much in keeping with this room.



"If I have the deciding, I've already decided, Dad," was the quiet reply.

"It's your decision, boy—it's your decision," was the equally quiet rejoinder.

"Well, then, I want to be a

doctor, Dad

doctor, Dad."

There was a long silence in the room of many memories, broken only by the crackling of the logs. The boy glanced curiously at the gray-haired figure in the red guernsey, and found that the eyes of the old man were upon the picture. Presently a smile overspread the worn features, and a muttered exclamation escaped his lips.

"Well, by cracky! But SHE says it's alright, and what SHE says goes. It's your decision, boy—yours and her's."

"I hope you're not disappointed, Dad," said the boy.

said the boy.

"No, not exactly disappointed, but I'm sure some surprised boy, some surprised—but then you've been a surprise ever since the day God sent you to me. Never thought of you being a Doctor! You must have been doing some thinking. boy!"

"Yes, Dad," replied the boy, "I've been thinking, and I'm thinking a long ways into the future, too."

"Thank you, Dad," the boy had re-ed. "Not many of the fellows had the

"I'll do it, by Cracky, I'll keep him!

plied. "Not many of the lettows nau unchance that you gave to me."
"Not many Dads had a boy like mine to give a chance to either. You decided right, boy. Come to think of it, it's better fixing folks than selling lumber. Not as I've got anything against the lumber business—it's good enough as a business—but a Doctor! well, that's "farent somehow."

The Williamsport Corps, too, during the years that Doctor Jack was at school, had grown out of its old clothes. The old store on Main Street had given place to an imposing red brick citadel. Silver plated band instruments shone on the platform. An Adjutant now graced the rostrum. The League of Mercy was now an organization with many activities. Widow Fain still retained her "corner," but other hands now guided the destines of the League of which she was the founder. The Corps had turned out in full force

to welcome Dr. Jack home again, and the Christmas morning service was full of holy joy.

"A word from Dr. Jack," said the Adjutant, and this was evidently the signal for which these loving and loyal hearts had waited. Was he not their own?" Didn't the League of Mercy "raise" him?

"I thank you for your welcome home," said the Doctor, "and I suppose you have seid the Doctor, and I suppose you have been wondering what I intend to do with my life, now that the school days are over. Well, I wondered myself for quite a long time. But I have come to a decision—and I wanted that you, my Comrades of this Corps, should hear that decision today. I have not even told the Sergeant-Major what I am about to tell you.

There was a silence in the circle!

Sergeant-ivisjor what I am about to the you."

There was a silence in the citadel. Eager eyes looked into the face of the square-shouldered young man who stood upon the platform. Widow Fain leaned forward and cupped her ear with a trembling hand. The Sergeant-Major sat in silence, his eyes upon the boy.

Where Need Is Greatest

Where Need Is Greatest
"Friends, I suppose you have concluded that I would be staying in Williamsport, but the more I have thought of the needs of the world outside Williamsport, and beyond America, the more I have been led to the conclusion that I should offer my life to the Army for service in the foreign field—Chine—Java—anywheve, where the need is greatest." greatest.

Java—anywhere, where the need is greatest."

Again a silence, broken by a choking sob from the League of Mercy corner, and the strides of the Sergeant-Major as he crossed the platform and flung his arm around the shoulder of the boy. The voice of the old man was husky with emotion as he faced the audience and said. "SHE told me to keep him."

For the second time in his life John Jemes, Junior, had uspet the Christmas morning service of the Williamsport Corpe.

When in doubt, pray! The Adjutant had long ago learned that lesson, and it stood him in good stead at that time. "Shall we bow our heads and pray," he suggested. This seemed to be the only thing to do at that moment, and as the sound of his "amen" died away, the voice of the Sergeant-Major was head repeating the words, in reverent monotone—"For unto us a child is born—unto us a son is given."

Tied to the Ceiling

Tied to the Ceiling

The Army, through the grace of God, nas been enabled to save from degradation and despair, great aumbers of women in Japan, and the following amazing story shows, how a girl, subjected to monstrous cruelty by her father, was assisted to a happy life.

Her mother, it seems, died, leaving three children behind and their lot, though not easy before, became desperate. The father was a wrestler by profession and a very callour and cruel man. One day this inhuman moneter, enraged at some trifling offence on the part of his daughter, bound her with ropes and suspended her from the ceiling of the room. In this painful position he left her forsome while.

The police, however, got to hear of the father's wicked ways, and took his daughter away from him, handing her over to the care of the Salvation Army. The girl was kindly treated, trained to domestic service, and is now happily situated, in the home of a Christian gentleman. Last seen, she was attending an Army Meeting, dressed in neat European clothes, and relief of the resort to officer. "I am now so happy," she said

SNATCHED FROM THE BRINK OF HELL

(Continued from Page 21)

(Continued from Page 21)
of endless day. He had passed
"out" to pass "in" and the joybells in
heaven were pealing their merry chimes
and the angels were chanting their
hossanas, for the "Lord had brought back
His own." In the quietness of the early
morning hour when the members of the
family were fast asleep the Officer drew
again from his pocket the well-worn
Bible, and turning to James V verse 20, he
read, "Let him know, that he which
converteth the sinner from the error of
his way shall save a soul from death, and
shall hide a multitude of sins."

Dr. Jack home again, and as morning service was full

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The Salvation Army in Outline

WHAT II is

THE SALVATION ARMY is a body of men and women who know their sins forgiven and are bound by a loving purpose-to proclaim the Gospel of Christ to all. It seeks chiefly the common people and those untouched by religion, aiming to make religion where there was none before.

Its Officers choose a life of comparative poverty that they may serve and bless. They visit the sick, pray with the dying, comfort the sorrowing, feed the hungry, care for the homeless, save the drunkard and the erring; in short, are, for Christ's sake, "Servants of

Founded by WILLIAM AND CATHERINE BOOTH in July, 1865, in East London, the Society was called "The Christian Mission," and spread to many English cities. In 1878 adopting a military plan of organization, with uniform and other distinctive features, it became The Salvation Army

When the Founder died, in 1912, it was at work in fifty-nine countries and colonies, including France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Denmark, Holland, the United States, India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Japan, Korea, the Dutch Indies, South Africa, South America, and the West Indies.

It is now (1925) established in eighty-one countries and colonies, and its Officers are proclaiming the Gospel in fifty-three languages.

The present General is WILLIAM BRAM-WELL BOOTH, son of the Founder. For nearly forty years he was intimately associated with the Founder in the direction of the work, and he has been helped and strengthened in all his activities by Mrs. Booth.

TEACHINGS

THE ARMY teaches those essential truths which concern Salvation: That all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; that He calls all to repent of sin; that those who truly repent and accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour are pardoned and by faith receive the assurance that God adopts them into His family.

> That God is not only able to save. but also to cleanse the soul, taking away every desire contrary to His will.

That He baptizes the believing soul with the Holy Ghost, giving power to maintain the fight against sin, and constraint to seek the souls of others.

That after a man has been born of the Spirit of God, it is possible for him knowingly to grieve and rebel against the Holy Spirit, and thus fall away from grace and be lost. That Christ is coming again, to judge the world. That Heaven is the eternal abode of the righteous and Hell of the wicked.

GOVERNMENT

THE ARMY is governed according to a military system. The General is Commander-in-Chief of its world-wide operations. Special Officers, whom he selects, assist him in the general direction of The Army from International Headquarters in London.

The work, in each country, is under the command of some one Officer, who is usually known as a Territorial Commander.

The unit of The Army's formation is the Corps, of which there may be one or more in any city. Each of these is under the direction of a Commanding Officer who is sometimes assisted by one or more Lieutenants.

For administrative purposes there are set up at the different Headquarters various Boards of advice, limited in their powers to the matters referred to them, and having no authority such as would hinder an Officer in the discharge of his duties or in carrying out useful schemes. Officers and Soldiers alike are governed by the "Orders and Regulations" issued for their guidance.

SOCIAL WORK

SPECIAL Departments for providing shelter for the homeless and employment for the workless, for reclaiming the criminal and fallen, for assisting suitable people to other lands, finding them employment there, and exercising a wise after-care over them, comprise what is known as the Social Work. means used to alleviate temporal misery have a spiritual end in view; a change of heart, by the grace of God, being regarded by Salvationists as the only foundation of true and permanent A separate Report of upliftment. these branches of The Army's work is issued annually.

